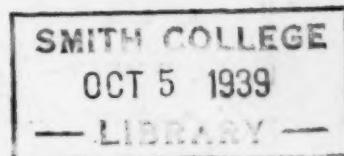


The MODERN LANGUAGE FORUM

Organ of the Modern Language Association
of Southern California

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THE HUMANITIES IN A SCIENTIFIC WORLD¹

THE HUMAN MIND is essentially an orderly instrument; it likes to classify, to catalogue, to label. It likes to generalize, to overlook details, to attach descriptive tags to people, nations, ideas, movements, and eras, that may not always do full justice to every aspect of the subject, but that at least lift into prominence an essential detail. Our historians have therefore characteristically tagged certain periods as the Golden Age, the Age of Migrations, the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the Age of Humanism and the Reformation, the Age of Revolutions. All these terms are definitely descriptive of some salient feature of the periods to which they are attached, but I sometimes wonder whether they do not conceal more than they reveal. The Golden Age of Greece and Rome conjures up in our minds memories of great statesmen, philosophers, poets, of spectacular performances of the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides in the shadow of Acropolis, of luxurious symposia in the extravagant homes of Rome and Pompeii. But it hints nothing of the struggle of peasants, of the misery of hundreds of thousands of slaves, of the injustices of a harsh oligarchic rule. The Dark Ages make us think of ignorance and superstition and squalor, of feudal vassalage and oppression, of religious bigotry and witch-burnings. But the term tells us nothing of the cultural achievements of the Middle Ages, of the glorious poetry of Chrétien de Troyes, of Walther von der Vogelweide, of Gottfried von Strassburg.

When we think of ourselves and our time with its marvels of science and mechanics, with its unparalleled means of locomotion and communication, with its airplanes, its radio, its television, with its Golden Gate bridges and Empire State buildings, with its Panama canals and Parker dams, with its delving into the mysteries of cosmic space and of the atom, we would like in smug self-satisfaction to attach to our period the apt label "The Age of Miracles." And in a sense we would be justified; human ingenuity and industry have wrought miracles,—miracles in steel and stone and glass and concrete; miracles that even we, who live

¹An address delivered before the Language and Literature Section of the Junior College Conference of Southern California and published at the request of the Section.

and move among them, cannot yet grasp in their entirety. How applicable would be today the message that Samuel Finley Morse one hundred years ago ticked over that first crude telegraph instrument from Frederick to Baltimore, the words, "What hath God wrought!"

And yet, when the historians of 500 years hence write the accounts of our time, when they scan the characteristics that mark the brief span of our years and that set us apart from ages past and ages to come, they will give us no label in glorification of our scientific advances. Miracles come and miracles go; Empire State buildings and Golden Gate bridges crumble; the radio supersedes the telegraph, and television makes them both antiquated; the automobile destroys the railroad, and the airplane makes creeping snails of both; electric power takes the place of the steam engine and the release of atomic energy in some future age will make scrap heaps of our titanic hydro-electric plants. The miracle of today is the commonplace of tomorrow. The label which the historian of the future will attach to our great age will not concern itself with those material things which continue to advance and improve with each succeeding generation of tireless plodders but will rather try to describe us in terms of those lasting contributions to the understanding of the human mind and soul, made by the philosopher, the poet, and the teacher. If we review the names which we apply to past ages, we find that they all deal with the cultural rather than the material character of the time; even the 19th century which had vaingloriously assumed the title of the Age of Science is now known as the Century of Democracies. And so the historian of the future will search our hearts and minds, as they are left recorded on the pages of our annals, for a distinguishing characteristic that sets us apart in terms of what we have thought and what we have said, and what we have contributed to the lasting spiritual advancement of mankind.

Is there such a characteristic discernible to us? Is there such a feature that sets apart our thinking, our public and private lives, our government, our social structure, our educational system, our relations to each other as individuals and as nations, our ethics and morals, our ideals and aspirations, our poetry, art, and music? Is there anything that distinguishes us culturally from past eras? Yes, I think such a characteristic exists, a characteristic which I fear will earn for the first half of the Twentieth Century the epithet "The Age of Confusion." Confusion marks the thought and action of the world in international relations, in government, in politics; confusion grips business and industry; confusion has put its disturbing finger, God help us, in our educational systems. Ethics and morals have become fluid concepts, abstract right and wrong

no longer exist. Law masquerades as justice, and anarchy pretends to be liberty. Poetry has become a lewd gibberish, cartooned travesty poses as art, and music is a medley of obscene cacophonies.

None but the most confirmed Pollyanna can deny these facts. Surely confusion rules the world when nations substitute expediency for justice, when treaties are made only to be broken, when statesmen speak of fighting in order to maintain peace. Surely confusion rules the world when one-tenth of the population of the richest country in the world is without work and one-fifth of the population is undernourished in the midst of plenty. Surely confusion has touched our educational systems when prominent educators can say that "our high schools and lower schools are committing an inexcusable waste of time and energy by devoting a major part of their curriculum to the 'tool subjects,' reading, writing, and arithmetic, including spelling, language, and grammar." And what about the ethics and morals of the individual? A professor in a great Eastern law-school told me recently that he had propounded the following question to a class: A man contracts to perform a certain service; a penalty of \$1000 is stipulated for breach of the contract; before he undertakes the work the man decides that he would rather pay the penalty than fulfill the contract, and he does so. Is the man's action legally and ethically correct? Thirty students out of thirty-one answered in the affirmative; only one said that the action is legal but not ethical. These thirty students will interpret laws and administer justice for the coming generation. And what about poetry, music, and art? Surely confusion has touched the pens of our expressionistic poets and the brushes of our surrealist painters, and confusion thrice confounded leaps from bar to bar of our modern syncopations,—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing."

Perhaps a brief retrospect over the evolution of thought since the Middle Ages might serve not only to explain the steps which have inexorably brought the world to its present pass but also to point the direction by which we might emerge from our confusion. What factors have contributed to a development that has unbalanced our moral and ethical judgment, that has brought us to a point where we can regard ribald sounds as music and poetry, where we teach nothing in our schools because we are not sure what we ought to teach, where the swallowing of gold fish has become a laudable pursuit for the younger generation while the academic world with bated breath watches the front pages of newspapers, to see what the score is.

Without a doubt our spiritual and intellectual heritage has come to us in direct line from that period of renascence of learning that took

place at the conclusion of the Middle Ages. The ancient world, to be sure, had had its fair share of culture and scholarship; the universities of Alexandria and Athens, and the schools of Rome and Carthage had guided the thought of Greeks and Latins. But the fall of the Roman Empire, the Migrations, the invasions by Vandals and Goths, Huns and Tartars had destroyed the last vestiges of these ancient seats of learning. From the Fourth Century on the meagre efforts toward education were solely in the hands of the Church. And indeed, even these efforts were superfluous and unnecessary; no one, except a few priests, needed any education. The population of Europe was kept busy wresting a precarious living from a stony soil, clearing primeval forests, draining extensive swamps, fighting marauding Tartars and Turks, combating disease and famine. The spiritual leadership that later became associated with education was furnished by the Church, and that leadership was absolute. No one needed to think, because the Church had already done all the thinking. There were no questions of right and wrong, of ethics or of morals. If something new and vexing arose, you didn't bother to think about it, you merely asked the priest and he knew the answer. And when a famine or a bubonic plague or the sword of a marauding enemy closed your career in this vale of tears, you died happily, secure in the knowledge that a more peaceful world awaited you. It was a sweet and simple life indeed.

Then gradually came a time when more stable conditions produced a leisure class that made demands for other things than those essential for the sustenance of life. And again it was the Church that met these needs by the establishment of the first centers of learning. In the 12th century Pope Gregory IX granted the charter for the founding of the University of Paris which became the model for the medieval universities. This university consisted of four faculties, or, as we would say today, four separate schools or colleges. These, in order of importance, were the faculties of Theology, Philosophy, Law, and Medicine. Again, without laboring the comparison, we would say the university consisted of three professional schools and a College of Liberal Arts. These Liberal Arts, included under the Faculty of Philosophy, were seven in number: Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy. The first three, the Speech Arts, were known as the *Trivium*, or triple road to eloquence; the latter four were called the *quadrivium*, or quadruple road to knowledge. The faculty of Theology held sway over all activities of the university; it directed the educational thought and adjudicated all controversial questions on the basis of the axiomatic edicts of Holy Writ and of the Church Fathers. The Faculty of Philosophy

studied and taught those subjects which brought the student into closer contact with the world about him, taught him to think logically those thoughts which he was permitted to think, and how to put these thoughts into words. And nobody called those subjects "tool subjects." The Schools of Law and Medicine, finally, were the somewhat neglected poor relations, whose presence in the university was suffered, because some people thought that the laws were becoming so complicated that they needed interpretation and some few radicals believed that it might be possible to alleviate human suffering by learning something about the human body. Of course these medics were always on the verge of heresy and their activities always had to be closely supervised by the theologians.

Again I am moved to the remark that it was a sweet and simple university, just as it was a sweet and simple world that produced it. It had few problems, indeed none that could not be answered by the theologians. Teacher and student alike could live and work with the definite knowledge that the limits of learning are finite, that with sufficient diligence you could learn everything there was to know, and when you unwittingly discovered some peculiarly vexing thought you carried it to the theological faculty and asked whether, perchance, it might be heretical. If it was so diagnosed by the theologians, you gently but firmly dismissed that thought from your mind and thought about something else.

Of course I am treating a serious subject facetiously, just because it is a serious subject and because I am afraid of it. One thing emerges clearly with regard to the medieval university and the medieval world which it guided: it was an authoritarian university and an authoritarian world. There was a final authority on all matters of life, conduct, and thought, a final authority beyond which no one—emperor or peasant—could go. And it was an authority that was fully and freely accepted by everyone, because they believed in it without question and without doubt. In that belief lies the secret of the power of the Church, lies the secret of the serenity of the philosophy and the beauty of the literature of the Middle Ages.

Then came the 15th century and with it the discovery of a number of writings of ancient Greece and Rome, particularly those of Aristotle. A small number of adventurous men, first in Italy, later in Germany and France, began to study these ancient works on mathematics, philosophy, and natural sciences, at first surreptitiously, then openly. They banded themselves together, called themselves humanists, because they proposed to learn more about the human kind, and founded the first humanistic university at Padua in Italy. Soon they established centers of learning in Germany, with the founding of the University of Heidel-

berg in 1346, soon to be followed by the Universities of Prague, Vienna, Leipzig, Greifswald, Basel, Wittenberg, and others. The humanistic university still consisted of the four traditional faculties, but with a shift of emphasis. The philosophical faculty now added to its curriculum those subjects which had recently been found worth studying: Greek, Hebrew, Ethics, History. It did not seek to overthrow the authoritarian position of the theologians, but rather extended the scope of authority by adding to Holy Writ and to the Church Fathers the equally authoritative writings of Aristotle and Plato and Pliny and Seneca. We find here for the first time in the Christian era an extension of authority beyond the teachings of the Church to include ideas of abstract ethics and justice and right and morality taken from non-Christian sources. And we draw two conclusions: first, there is here an initial weakening of the authority of the Church, the first step in the later complete breakdown of its spiritual leadership; and second, an authoritarian leadership still exists, but it is passing from the realm of Theology to the realm of Philosophy, from the Church to the Humanists.

I need not dwell upon the bitter feud between Humanists and Scholastics at the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the struggle of the Church to retain the leadership which it had held for over a thousand years. The result was a foregone conclusion: the humanists with their wider outlook and the broader scope for their studies and speculations wrested the sceptre from the Church. The Lutheran Reformation, coming a few years later, about 1520, only served to complete the defeat of the Church. Without the preparatory activity of the Humanists the Reformation would not likely have come about. With the defeat of the Scholastics and with the Reformation the world lost the greatest authoritarian power, the strongest stabilizing influence in its written history. The mantle of spiritual leadership fell upon the Humanists; theirs now to lead the world in the ways of justice and truth, not by the iron strength of unyielding religious dogma, but by the supple power of abstract right and ethics and morality. Add to the armory of the humanists but one more little thing, the one quality that had been the greatest single factor in the power of the Church, and Humanism could take over where dogma left off; it could in truth assume leadership in a now leaderless world. But that one quality was lacking; faith, unquestioning belief in the ultimate truths, of which the Scriptures had said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." With that faith the Church, in spite of all its weaknesses, had been invulnerable; without that faith Humanism, with all its virtues, was impotent. For humanism by its very nature is a creed of doubt

and not of faith. Its speculations extend into infinite space and into eternity. It recognizes no limits to the scope of the human mind and maintains a polite but sceptical attitude toward that which has not yet been proven.

And now came the disastrous 17th century that challenged the leadership of Humanism and that began the debacle before which we now stand. Already Nicholas Copernicus had challenged the Ptolemaic laws of the planetary system; Tycho Brahe and Galileo had made observations that established certain fundamental astronomical principles; and finally in 1627 Johann Kepler published his famous *New Astronomy of Celestial Physics, Delivered in Commentaries on the Motions of Mars*. René Descartes extended the higher levels of geometry, propounded a new hypothesis of the system of the universe, and found it necessary to prove his own existence by the philosophical dictum, "I think, therefore I am." Gottfried Leibnitz discovered integral calculus. Sir Isaac Newton invented the binomial theorem, the method of tangents, and the fluxional calculus; he was finally led to the discovery of universal gravitation and proved it by the observed motions of the moon.

If the 17th century can be called the century of physicists, the 18th is that of the chemists. Joseph Black proposed the theory of latent heat, Henry Cavendish discovered the composition of water and of nitric acid, and Joseph Priestly, an English clergyman, in 1774 announced the discovery of oxygen. Antoine Lavoisier discovered the properties of gases in connection with the phenomena of combustion and invented the chemical nomenclature that is used to this day. Incidentally the French people guillotined him for his pains.

And finally the 19th century is that of the biologists, led off at its very beginning by Charles Darwin whose *Origin of the Species by Means of Natural Selection* revolutionized Botany and Zoology, not to speak of speculative thought on the divine origin of man. Long before him Karl Linnaeus had with rare insight already classified the flora and fauna of the world on the basis of a simple evolutionary relationship. After Darwin came a long line of eminent biologists, culminating in Ernst Haeckel, whose *History of Creation* and *Origin of the Human Race* destroyed the last vestiges of dogmatism, established empiricism on the throne, and laid the foundations for the mechanistic and materialistic philosophies of our time.

And what of Humanism through these three centuries? Did it serve its purpose, its task of interpreting humanity and nature, of leading mankind in the paths of justice and truth, in the brilliant light of the

glorious discoveries of science? Did it point the way, ever onward and upward, in the search for those ultimate truths that became ever more distant as horizons widened? Alas, remember the flaw in Humanism's armor, remember the weakness that had doomed it from the outset. Humanism lacked faith in itself and its mission; its eyes were not fixed on the unseen beyond the horizon. Humanism itself had created the scientific disciplines, and now Science, like a monstrous Frankenstein creation, shook off its progenitor and stalked blindly and recklessly into unknown distances.

And what now? Did we—for at last I should begin to speak in the first person—seek a truth to which we could cling, a truth in which we could believe, and which could give us that power which we lacked? No; we observed with astonishment and envy the success of the Sciences which we had created, and we decided to swallow the pride of our heritage and to imitate the methods and techniques of the child we had brought forth. We invented the Science of Language and the Scientific Approach to Literature. We learned to dissect poetry and prose as the scientist dissects a frog or a crayfish; we learned to dry and to mount thoughts and ideas as the botanist dries and mounts specimens in his herbarium; we learned to catch and to destroy the fugitive beauties of the expression of genius as the biologist places the crushed fragment of a butterfly's wing under his microscope. We count words and syllables and letters, as if by that act of counting we could fathom the mystery of the genius that endows those words with magic powers. We have given up all hope of leadership and have become content to grub in the wake of ever-advancing science.

But worse is still to come. In the second half of the 19th century certain ones of the humanities, weary of their subordination, decided to embark upon a career in more complete emulation of the true sciences. We, they argued, are sciences too, perhaps not physical or biological sciences, but sciences that are concerned with human relationships. We shun the word humanities. The technique of the true scientist is simple: he performs a myriad of laboratory experiments, observes the reactions, records the results, and in the end makes a discovery. Let us imitate the scientist; mankind is our laboratory, let us observe the reactions of men, carefully record the results, and perhaps, in the end, we, too, shall discover something. And so there sprang into being, full-armed like Pallas, the Social Sciences,—Economics and Sociology, Political Science and Anthropology, History and—Saul among the prophets—Philosophy. For fifty years they have been observing the reactions and recording the results, and perhaps they have discovered something. They have formu-

lated complicated economic laws only to find in times of crisis some invisible but inexorable supreme court repeals them; they have set down interesting laws governing human behavior only to discover that human behavior is generally unpredictable. Far be it from me to criticize or even to comment upon the conduct of another academic discipline. God knows, that as a humanist I have no right to cast stones; we have had our chance and missed it. But I see in the conduct of the so-called Social Sciences a repetition of the debacle of humanism. A generation ago, nay only six years ago, the world saw in the Social Scientist the Moses who would lead us out of the wilderness. That delusion the Social Scientists have themselves thoroughly dispelled by their definition of their own science. It is our business, they say, to observe and to record. On the basis of our observations and our records we can give an accurate account of past human performances under certain conditions. When we have compiled a sufficiently large body of records we will be able to predict with reasonable accuracy how human beings will react in the future to the same stimulus under the same conditions, provided no new factor enters into the picture. And there our task ends. We pass no moral judgments, we have nothing to do with ethics. We do not tell the world what it shall think and what it shall believe. We are scientists. When the scientist mixes two hydrogen atoms with one of oxygen, he knows what the result will be. He does not say the result will be good or bad, just or unjust, moral or immoral. He merely knows the result will be water.

And where does all this leave us? It leaves us just where we began, in the Age of Confusion. It leaves us in a mad leaderless rush toward that nothing we set out from. We have destroyed the Church, the most powerful and the most authoritative leader the civilized world has known, powerful and authoritative because it believed in its mission and was able to impart that belief to the world. The humanists, lacking faith in their mission and in themselves, destroyed themselves or at least rendered themselves impotent for three hundred years. The Social Scientists, hermaphroditic offspring of the Humanists, have voluntarily relinquished all claim to leadership. And that leaves Science on the throne, Science that knows no right or wrong, Science that has no interest in humanity as a creature with a soul that cannot be weighed or measured; Science that builds bridges and smashes atoms, that photographs nebulae and controls the sex of future generations of guppies; Science that achieves everything but cannot answer the most fundamental question concerning man's destiny.

And what can we do about it? Well, after all, we are the human-

ists of the Twentieth Century; sad specimens, I grant you, when we compare ourselves with our great predecessors, with Reuchlin and Beatus Rhenanus, with Erasmus of Rotterdam and Philip Melancthon, but humanists none the less. Brought up in the tradition of the Church, steeped in the lore of the Ancients, we are aware, more or less consciously, of all the fine and noble thought of the world from Solomon through Plato and Spinoza to Emerson. We have read and most of us have constant, almost daily contact with Dante and Cervantes, with Rousseau and Goethe. Shakespeare and Milton, Coleridge and Wordsworth have had a hand in the molding of our formative years. Is there any reason why we should not recognize and understand and believe in that ultimate good that guided these men? Do we have any doubts or misgivings regarding the nature of that Holy Grail for which Parsifal searched throughout his mortal days? Do we question the validity of that final goal of human achievement that Faust attains in the end, that highest ethical ideal in life, loyal, self-sacrificing labor for the spiritual and moral improvement of the human race? To us indeed the final lines of Goethe's great drama are clear and full of meaning:

The noble spirit now is free,
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.

If we permit ourselves to be guided by the light that emanates from the words of the great thinkers and poets of the past, if we do not permit ourselves to become confused by the confusion about us, we can still attain for ourselves that serenity that humanism lost before the advance of science, that serenity that comes from the consciousness of complete faith in an ideal. We know what that ideal is and at one time in our lives we believed in it; we must have, or we would not be what we are. Nor need we close our eyes to the world about us. Science, to be sure, is conquering the material world but it cannot touch the realm of the spirit and that realm is ours, if we only have the faith and the courage to grasp that realm and to rule over it. The world needs us and needs our leadership, more sorely than at any time in the past five centuries. Shall we refuse to accept that leadership because we lack the courage of our convictions? Shall we adopt the attitude of the Social Scientists and say that we merely observe and measure and record but that we permit ourselves no moral judgments? We know what is right and what is wrong, we know the true from the false, we possess the touchstone that distinguishes fool's gold from the real thing, and we have the evidence

of the sages from the beginning of time to our own day to back up our judgment.

The word "authoritarian" has, in the past five years, along with many other good words, become disreputable. We are afraid of it, not so much because of its connotation linking it with governmental forms that we detest, but rather because we have been told over and over again that no one knows enough, no one has the right to assume an authoritarian attitude. I admit that it is much more difficult to say, "This is true, that is false; I know," than to shift the responsibility and say, "Some thinkers have believed that this may perhaps be true, and there is some evidence that might be interpreted to indicate that that is false; personally I have no judgment in the matter, and I certainly would not wish to say anything that might, in any sense hamper you in the free exercise of your discriminatory powers." The attitude expressed in this last statement, I submit, is evidence of the moral cowardice that has reduced the humanities from the world's leaders to mere grovellers at the throne of science. We not only may, but we must assume an authoritarian attitude with regard to those things which we know to be true, and in the truth of which we have implicit faith.

Another word that we fear as much as the word "authoritarian" is "indoctrination." We have been told that we must teach only processes, but never the doctrines that are derived from them. And there, I submit, is another of the vicious practices that has brought confusion into the world. We know the doctrines that are true, and we know why they are true. Is there any reason why we should not impart those doctrines along with the processes by which they were established? Of course, there again the cause for our hesitation is lack of courage and faith; we have been intimidated and have become confused, until we have become uncertain even of those things which we know to be true.

And so my counsel to the humanist in the modern world is a simple one: Have Faith. Have faith in our heritage that contains the essence of all that is noble and good in the world's thought. Have faith enough to dispel the confusion that has crept into our thought processes. Have faith enough to lead those who look to us for leadership. For we must lead, if we would be humanists. Unless we lead, we have no justification for our existence. It is no passing coincidence that the curricula of our colleges and universities have relegated us to a secondary position and would perhaps gladly see us removed entirely. That is only proper and just and we are suffering for our own sins and those of our predecessors. For the best of literature and philosophy is of no

value, unless it is used to guide and to lead mankind to the higher and better planes of the spirit. We must lead, if we would continue to exist. And so have faith, for faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

University of California at Los Angeles.

GUSTAVE O. ARLT.

THE DEATH OF ANTONIO MACHADO

WHEN THE NATIONALIST troops took Barcelona a few months ago many thousands of loyalist refugees, unwilling to live at compromise with the new regime, straggled across the French border. Among them was a fatally ill man hardly able to stand on his feet, whose fame as a poet throughout two generations had made him one of the most revered citizens of his nation. On one side of this pain wracked refugee, Antonio Machado, and helping sustain his body, walked his aged mother; holding his arm on the other side was the relatively stalwart figure of Spain's foremost phonetician, Navarro Tomás. Finally, on a cold and rainy day some of the thousands caught in this gigantic retreat entered France. Little or no preparation had been made for their reception.

The end of the poet's life was near at hand. After crossing the frontier his mother and friends had great difficulty in finding even the barest of shelters. At length they located a small space in a box car. Machado and his mother remained there while Navarro Tomás went to Perpignan and obtained enough money to move them to a small hotel in Collicure. A few days later Antonio Machado died in this village in southern France. Such, briefly, is the description of Machado's end as told by Waldo Frank in a recent issue of *The Nation*.¹

Posterity should be thankful that Machado at the time of his death was sixty-four years old with his best work behind him. (The contrast of Frederico García Lorca killed in his prime is bound to come to mind.) About two years before this time Machado had written to a friend saying that he already felt old. "I am old and sick; old because I am past sixty, which is many years for a Spaniard; sick because the most important viscera of my body have agreed not properly to perform their functions. Nevertheless, I believe there is something in me little related to my physiological ruin and which appears to imply health and youth of spirit." Apparently, the War had given him temporarily a new lease on life.

Machado's career in Spain since the beginning of the War had been one of singular identity with his people. Time after time he had attempted to enter one of the governmental departments where he could actively serve his country, and time after time he had been refused.

¹ "Death of Spain's Poet: Antonio Machado," by Waldo Frank in *The Nation*, April 15, 1939.

When things began to look hopeless for their cause and many distinguished loyalists sought refuge in France, England, and the United States, Machado threw in his lot with those who chose to remain to the bitter end. During these terrible months he was the guiding spirit behind a monthly journal, *Hora de España*, which focused the literary output of loyalist Spain. To it he contributed several poems, and an extensive series of prose sketches presenting the ideas of a character called Juan de Mairena. These essays cover nearly every cultural and economic topic, and in one of them, in fact, the poet makes an ideological comparison between the anti-revolutionary H. G. Wells and the Soviet Stalin which he concludes by giving the best of argument to the latter. The eloquence of all these essays is directed toward sustaining the morale of loyalist Spain. Machado once expressed himself specifically on this point saying: "There can be no eloquence today in Spain except the eloquence of the soldier. Sad it is to be condemned, as I am, to the pen. Only one valid currency remains in which to pay our debt to our people: our lives." Feeling this, Machado gave willingly of both his life and his spirit for loyalist Spain, quite an about-face for the once wealthy, conservative, almost aristocratic Andalusian who for so many years had been considered the surest voice of his nation's very unpolitical folk lore. But as times changed he changed also, and his poetry of necessity was altered to suit the new era. "When you find in my words a sure note," he had said long before, "know that I am teaching you something which I have learned of the people." Antonio Machado lived and died in this belief.

In the February, 1939, issue of *Hora de España*, we find the following statement of the poet's faith in Spain in an essay entitled, *Habla Juan de Mairena a sus alumnos*: "Es muy posible que un pueblo que tenga algo de Don Quijote no sea siempre lo que se llama un pueblo próspero. Que sea un pueblo inferior: he aquí lo que no concederé nunca. Tampoco hemos de creer que sea un pueblo inútil, de existencia supérflua para el conjunto de la cultura humana, ni que carezca de una misión concreta que cumplir, o de un instrumento importante en que soplar dentro de la total orquesta da la historia. Porque algún día habrá que retar a los leones, con armas totalmente inadecuados para luchar con ellos. Y hará falta un loco que intente la aventura. Un loco ejemplar."

Some of Machado's poems in the latter two or three years reflect this same feeling. In the May, 1938, issue of *Hora de España*, in the essay called, *Sobre algunas ideas de Juan de Mairena*, we find these terse lines:

¡Oh fe del meditabundo!
 ¡Oh fe, después del pensar!
 Sólo si viene un corazón al mundo
 rebosa el vaso humano, se hincha el mar.

The same essay contains this tercet:

Confiamos
 en que no será verdad
 nada de lo que pensamos.

It is in the June, 1938, *Hora de España*, however, that Machado gives the most complete expression of his spirit in contact with the War. This issue contains nine sonnets and a short quatrain, the latter dedicated to Frederico de Onís. In these sonnets the poet shudders as he sees provinces he had known under peaceful skies now threatened with bombardment from the air, and attack on land. The sonnet *El Poeta Recuerda las Tierras de Soria* ends with this beautiful sestet:²

Soria pura, entre montes de violeta,
 Di tú, avión marcial, si el alto Duero
 A donde vas recuerda a su poeta,

Al revivir su rojo Romancero;
 ¿O es, otra vez, Caín, sobre el planeta,
 Bajo tus alas, moscardón guerrero?

In order to give complete statement to one of Machado's war pictures we quote one sonnet in its entirety:

La Muerte del Niño Herido
 Otra vez en la noche . . . es el martillo
 de la fiebre en las sienes bien vendadas
 del niño. —¡Madre, el pájaro amarillo!
 ¡las mariposas negras y moradas!

—Duerme, hijo mío. —Y la manita oprime
 la madre, junto al lecho. —¡Oh, flor de fuego!
 ¿quién ha de helarte, flor de sangre, dime?
 Hay en la pobre alcoba olor de espliego;

fuera, la oronda luna que blanquea
 cúpula y torre a la ciudad sombría.
 Invisible avión moscardonea.

—¿Duermes, oh dulce, flor de sangre mía?
 El cristal del balcón repiquetea.
 —¡Oh, fría, fría, fría, fría!

² *Hora de España*, XVIII, Barcelona, Junio, 1938.

One night in March, 1933, I had an opportunity to talk to Antonio Machado for nearly three hours, and the memory will always remain with me. The lady at whose house we were staying was an intimate friend of a Mrs. Machado, wife of one of Antonio's brothers. (There were four brothers in the family.) And through her I secured a card which admitted me to the Machado tertulia, which unlike many of the literary tertulias in Madrid was always small and generally not open to strangers. On this particular night the weather was icy, and not a breath of wind was stirring. When I reached the café there were very few people inside, and at no table could I see more than three or four. The waiter took my card, and then after passing by two or three tables at each of which he addressed some remarks to the occupants, he returned and said that the Machado brothers would be glad to receive me. He was very obviously trying to make certain that they would not be molested by an unwanted guest.

During the course of the next three hours not a soul came in to join us, and when I inquired about the usual size of their tertulia Antonio said that they seldom had more than half a dozen intimate friends present. He mentioned that the larger tertulias reminded him of classes, and their leaders of professors. Antonio had had enough of teaching to last him for the rest of his life. I recalled what my landlady had told me about his years as a teacher in Soria. His wife suffered from tuberculosis, and the doctors finally said she could not possibly live more than a year or two. Antonio, then a young professor at the Instituto de Soria began to take her with him to all of his classes so that there might not be a moment in her life when they were separated. When she died he had little heart to sit in front of any class again facing her eternal absence.

Señor, ya me arrancaste lo que yo más quería.
Oye otra vez, Dios mío, mi corazón clamar.
Tu voluntad se hizo, Señor, contra la mía.
Señor, ya estamos solos mi corazón y el mar.*

The conversation that night took in many trivial topics, most of which I have forgotten, but three things still stand out in my mind. These also happen to be the only things which I wrote down: Antonio's views on politics, his appraisal of Lorca, and a brief recapitulation of his poetic credo.

I was particularly interested in the leftist tendencies then manifest in Spanish politics, and on more than one occasion had feared that a crisis

* *Campos de Castilla*, 1912.

was imminent. Antonio said with conviction that he considered Spain's swing toward the left a mere temporary experiment of the recently released slave testing his freedom, as a child might test the durability and mechanism of a new toy. He did not believe that revolution was coming. He was not in agreement with many of the very mild leftist measures then being put into the statutes. In all that he said he appeared to be a typical Spanish conservative, a conservative removed from the political arena, who did not take any part in the political disputes then going on, and who took no stock whatever in the news headlines which almost daily warned us that a final crisis was just around the corner.

As to his preference among the younger Spanish poets he expressed himself with enthusiasm. His choice, of course, was Garcia Lorca, who embodied, he said, more of the folk lore of his nation and his province than any of the others. He apparently felt that Lorca was in a way carrying on his own tradition. He praised highly the younger poet's theatrical troupe, *La Barraca*, then making the rounds of provincial towns and capitals playing *autos* and dramas of the *siglo de oro*. The success of this group in the face of so much movie competition proved to Antonio that the Spaniard's love of his classic and popular traditions was still very much alive. The surest preparation for a poet, he thought, was to immerse oneself in this endless traditional river until identity with it was attained. Only then might one become a mouthpiece of a national soul or consciousness, Antonio's ideal of the poet.

His ideas on modern poetry in general were somewhat more philosophical. Among all foreigners he admired most Edgar Allen Poe, in whose works he found the first complete synthesis of the modern spirit. "Poe seems," said Antonio, "better than any other poet that I know, to present in his personality and in his work that conflict between the essential and the temporary, which is the beginning and perhaps the end, of all poetry. I have mentioned that conflict many times before, but no one appears to understand exactly what I mean by it. In a word it is this: when thought is purely and absolutely logical it abolishes time and announces immutable laws of, well, whatever one wishes to call it, absolute reality, God, infinity. Intellectual or conceptual poetry attempts to do this and this alone, and it fails, for poetry must be wrapped up in the temporary, or temporal. Outside of time a poet's life has no existence. Philosophy is nearly pure logic, poetry is logic plus time or feeling. It is almost impossible to *explain* what I mean, one either *feels* the way I do, or he does not, and no amount of explanation will clarify matters much."

After he had gotten this heavy definition off his chest, Antonio and his brother (only one was present) spoke of lighter things. They were particularly interested in hearing how an English translation recently made of *La Lola se va a los puertos*⁴ had been received in this country, and I attempted to make excuses for its very restricted appeal here. By this time the clock had gotten around to midnight, and we all left the café. They generally stayed later if there were friends, and whether anyone else showed up or not, some of the brothers always came down. The weather had been bitter for some time, and most of their friends were suffering from bad colds. Antonio remarked that the cold never bothered him, nor the heat.



Antonio Machado undoubtedly is among the half a dozen or so poets of Spanish tongue who must be placed alongside the great poets of the world. Among Spanish poets of recent years his work represents the soul of his people at its greatest depth. Never becoming immersed in any school of thought or writing, yet never taking a very strong attitude against any school with which he came in contact, Antonio Machado "se viste modestamente y sin pretensiones con el traje de su tiempo, seguro de no parecerse a nadie, porque su aire y su tono, la vibracion de su espíritu, son originales y dan a todo lo que tocan valor de eternidad."⁵ He greatly admired Rubén Darío who exerted a more powerful influence on modern Hispanic poetry than any other single man, and met the famous Nicaraguan cosmopolite when he was serving as Spanish consul in Guatemala. But Machado does not follow in the path of Darío whom he calls "el maestro incomparable de la forma de la sensación." Contrasting himself with the famous Spanish-American poet, he said: "Pero yo pretendí seguir camino bien distinto. Pensaba yo que el elemento poeticó no era la palabra por su valor fónico, ni el color, ni la línea, ni un complejo de sensaciones, sino una honda palpitación del espíritu; lo que pone el alma, si es que algo pone, o lo que dice, si es que algo dice, con voz propia, en respuesta animada al contacto del mundo."

Antonio Machado lived and wrote this creed for many years. When the Spanish Civil War broke out, and he saw all of the old values disappearing with a rapidity that almost stunned him, he sought, as a true

⁴ *La Lola se va a los puertos*, comedia, 1930. En colaboración con Manuel Machado. In 1918 (*Sevilla y otros poemas*) Manuel Machado had already written his popular poem *Cante Hondo* telling the story of La Lola. The dancer *La Argentinita* often recites this poem at her concerts with great effectiveness.

⁵ Federico de Onis in *Antología de la poesía española e hispano americana*, Madrid, 1934. This anthology is dedicated to Antonio Machado.

poet must, some new facet of faith in a world gone mad, some old element of permanence in the midst of constant and catastrophic change. But Machado himself was already an old man, and when he turns an admiring glance toward Stalin as we see in some of his essays on the sayings of Juan Mairena, we feel that it is a look of desperation, the clutch of a drowning man for a floating straw. This may be doing the poet an injustice; none the less, it is quite true that his last few poems, Waldó Frank's criticism notwithstanding, are below the general level of his attainment. The fire is there, and the strength of spirit, even the hope and the faith; but the perspective is gone, and with it the great music. His many feelings now of necessity are rutted into the channel of one swift torrent, one piercing cry. The human animal in pain, fighting for its life, can hardly be expected to see itself in relation to life as a whole, nor to view destruction around it with an objective eye, nor to express its feeling in harmony with an indifferent God.

Antonio Machado has been called by some the poet of Castile, by others, a great religious poet, by still others, a poet of ideas. "La verdad es que lo que distingue a Machado de todos los poetas contemporáneos y al mismo tiempo le une aun con los más dispares, es el que su poesía sea, en mayor grado que la de ningún otro, total e integral, cobrando en ella supremo valor cada uno de los elementos que la forman, gracias a la presencia constante de todos los demás. Esto, unido al hecho de su pobreza en elementos perecederos y su limitación a los humanos y eternos, hará que sea sin duda la que, pasada esta época, menos envejecerá."⁶



With much misgiving I have attempted a few brief translations from Machado's work:

Proverbs

I

Eyes that are opened to light,
Soon to return as all being,
Blind to the earth as the night,
Weary of gaze without seeing!

II

You say that nothing is lost forever,
Yet if this cup of glass is hit
And broken once, then never again
Never again shall I drink from it.

⁶ Federico de Onís, *op. cit.*

III

I dreamt yesterday
 That God spoke to me beaming,
 And urged me to pray;
 Then I dreamt I was dreaming.

Cante Hondo

The dusk sifted into my breathless room
 Wide open to a torrid summer night
 And wrapped its hands about my desolation
 As I unwound its tattered shreds of light.

Then on the air a sudden blaze of sound:
 Deep sobbing of a wistful, broken strain
 That quivered with the sombre tremulos
 Of tragic songs from my own southern Spain.

. . . And it was Love, a red and fiery flame . . .
 —Whose nervous hand upon the vibrant strings
 A long and golden pause sustained
 That soon flashed into stars with gilded wings—

. . . And it was Death, the scythe upon his shoulder,
 Grim-faced and skeletal, with steps long-drawn and slow,
 —Thus did I dream of him when but a child.—

On the guitar, sonorous, tremulous below,
 A brusque hand as it strummed would imitate
 The lowering of a casket in the ground.

The breath of wind was but a solitary wail
 That winnows ash and stirs the dust around.⁷

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⁷ This translation appears also in *Poet Lore*.

LA POESIA DE CARVAJALES

D E LA VIDA del caballero Carvajales nada se sabe por cierto. Sólo hay alguno que otro dato más o menos dudoso que sacamos de sus propias poesías. No se halla en ninguna historia de su época mención cualquiera de él, y tampoco existen poesías suyas en otros cancioneros quel el de *Stúñiga*, donde figura éste bajo los nombres de Carvajales o Carvajal, con unas cuarenta y cinco poesías. Por lo visto, se llamaba de los dos nombres igualmente, puesto que un romance suyo que se halla bajo el nombre de "Carvaiales" en el *Cancionero*, dice, hablando de sí mismo:

Terrible duelo fasia
En la cárcel donde estaba
Carvaial quando moria,
Que de amores se aquexaba.

Por el hecho de haber sido incluidas sus poesías en dicho *Cancionero de Stúñiga*, podríamos sospechar que era de la corte de Alfonso V de Aragón. Parece además que era bastante favorecido de este soberano, porque hallamos entre sus poesías algunas escritas por mandado del rey, como la *Respuesta de Sennor Rey que fiso Caruajales* a esta pregunta de D. Fernando de Guevara:

Vosotros los amadores
Sabeysme aquesto desir;
De mosquitos et de amores,
¿Quién son los destorbadores
De quien bien quiere dormir?

a la cual responde Carvajales muy vivamente:

Por ser tan suave la comparacion
De los mosquitos, me quiero reyr,
E digo do fiere con su perfection,
La fuerça de amores no haber defension,
Si non la de Bacus armada de vin.

Hallamos, además, otros versos escritos *Por mandado del sennor rey, fablando en propia persona, siendo mal contento de amor, mientras madama Lucrecia fué a Roma*. Fué ésta la famosa Lucrecia Alagnia o de Alanio, "querida predilecta" del rey, a quien tanto ensalzaban todos los poetas cortesanos. Sabemos por esto que Carvajales vivía en 1456, por ser éste el año en que Madama Lucrecia fué a Roma, "con objeto de conseguir del Pontífice Calisto III el que anulase el matrimonio de su amante Alfonso V con Doña María de Castilla, petición que fué rechazada por el Papa."

Parece también que había estado en Italia bastante tiempo, porque escribió varias poesías en italiano.

A pesar de ser tan escasas las noticias que tenemos de este poeta, es, según el juicio de Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, "no sólo el ingenio más fecundo del *Cancionero de Stuñiga*, . . . sino el más notable y afortunado de todos ellos, casi el único que acierta alguna vez con rasgos de poesía agradable y ligera, con cierto dejo candoroso y popular que es muy raro en los trovadores de esta escuela."

Todas sus cuarenta y cinco poesías son de carácter marcadamente lírico, unas de inspiración cortesana, y otras de orígen más o menos popular. Amorosas y de quejas, como la siguiente:

Si tan fermosa como vos
Fasta hoy fuera nascida,
Non seríades tan querida.

Non seríades tanto amada
Nin yo de tanto mal sufriente,
Nin seríades vos espada
Para mí tan persigüiente;
Contemplar quered por Dios,
En reparo de mi vida,
Ques en punto de perdida.

Y ésta,

Pues mi vida es llanto o pena,
Syn faser mudanza alguna,
Faré como serena,
Que canta cum la fortuna
Y en bonanza sufre pena.

Quando lloro, quando canto,
Quando muero, porque vivo,
Quando fago amargo planto,
Quando mis cuytas escribo;
Pues fortuna sy lo ordena,
Syguiendo voluntat una,
Faré como la serena,
Que canta cum la fortuna
Y en bonanza sufre pena.

Pero no son todas de quejas:

Buena nueva, buena nueva,
Buena nueva vos dé Dios,
Sennora mia, pues vos
Dixistes cosa tan nueva.

Cosa nueva es para mí
Haber placer et alegría,
Que iamas nunca me vi
Alegre por vos un dia
Non sé sy amor me prueba,

O ya qué será de nos,
Sennora mia, pues vos
Dixistes cosa tan nueva.

Parece que había momentos en que dejaba de tener paciencia:

Tiempo fué que se pasó,
Sennora, que vos amé,
Sy fuy vuestro, ya non só,
Nin iamas nunca seré.

Y otra vez:

Dexadme, por Dios, estar,
Amor, baste lo passado,
Pues me faseys desamar
Donde más so enamorado.

Non vos quiero más servir,
Nyn que vos sirvays de mí,
Y vereys sy sé vivir,
Meior syn vos, que vos syn mí;
Porque non podeys pensar
Quánto me habeis enoiado,
Fasiéndome desamar
Donde más só enamorado.

Pero hay otra, menos impaciente, y más suave:

Desidme, gentil sennora,
¿Qué vida passaes agora?

Si es tal como solia
Quanto bien a mí sería,
Porque vestra pena, mia
Es más que vuestra, sennora.

Yo vos veo muy penada,
Mal contenta et despagada,
Pero non ménos amada
De mí, por cierto, sennora.

Pero aunque la mayoría de sus versos fuese de este género frívolo y cortesano, "no le faltaron más robustos acentos para celebrar notables hechos de armas," como en el *Dezir por la muerte de Iaumot Torres, capitan de los ballesteros del señor Rey, que murió en la cuba, sobre Carinola*, "especie de marcha fúnebre y solemne," que consta de siete coplas de arte mayor. Empieza así:

Las trompas sonaban al punto del dia.
En són de agüeros sus vozes mostraban,
Las turbidas nubes el cielo regaban,
Por suyo accidente el sol se escondia,

Do vi gente de armas que al campo salia,
 Et són de valientes et mucho guerreros;
 E vi al capitán de los ballesteros,
 Mas lyndo que Archilles, quando armas fazia.

Y luego, después de su muerte:

Leváronlo a Capua, sangriento, finado,
 Bien acompañando, segund merescia,
 De nobles varones et caballería,
 Entre los cuales el era estimado,
 Traxéronlo a Napol, en andas honrado,
 Do yo vi las damas de grand preminencia,
 Llorando muy tristes, que dentro en Valençia,
 Non fuera de todas atanto llorado.

No sólo poesía esta erudición clásica común a los trovadores cortesanos, sino que también fué, según Menédez y Pelayo, "el primer poeta bilingüe italo-hispano."

Fuera de toda esta poesía cortesana, sea frívola o seria, amorosa o heroica, la parte de la obra de Carvajales que tiene más interés es la de fondo popular, a saber: sus dos romances y sus serranillas, ya muchas veces citadas.

Por ser tan interesantes sus serranillas y porque son la parte más popular y de inspiración más fresca de sus obras, he procurado comparalas con las de sus predecesores, Juan Ruiz y el Marqués de Santillana. En ningún caso usa Carvajales el término "serranilla" para distinguir estas obras, pero atendiéndome a la clasificación de Menéndez y Pelayo, hallo ocho serranillas que he dividido en cuatro clases.

Estas son: tres serranillas de encuentro con alguna serrana o pastora: "Saliendo de un olivar," "Veniendo de la Campana," "¿Dónde soys, gentil galana?" ; dos de encuentro con damas desconocidas y bellas; "Pasando por la Toscana" y "Entre Sesa et Cintura"; dos serranillas satíricas o burlescas: "Andando perdido, de noche ya era" y "Partiendo de Roma, passando Marino"; y otra que es glosa de una letra conocidamente popular (según Menédez y Pelayo) de la "ninna loçana."

Es ésta última una de las más exquisitas de estas serranillas, género en que tan dignamente sigue Carvajales las huellas del Marqués de Santillana.

Desnuda en una queça,
 Lavando a la fontana,
 Estaba la ninna loçana,
 Las manos sobre la treça,

Syn çarcillos nin sartal,
 En una corta camisa,

Fermosura natural,
 La boca llena de risa,
 Descubierta la cabeza
 Como ninfa de Diana;
 Miraba la ninna loçana
 Las manos sobre la treça.

En ninguna de estas serranillas hay más que un cuadro, bello o parodiado, del encuentro con una desconocida. No hay nada do lo dramático como en las de Juan Ruiz o en muchas del Marqués de Santillana. No hay ni un asomo de la serrana que quiere luchar con el pobre viajero, como Menga de Mançanares, la que encontró el Marqués, ni como la chata del puerto de Malangosto, ni Gadea de Riofrío, esas amiguitas del Arcipreste. Tampoco hallamos a ninguna de la estirpe de las que parecían perseguir al pobre de Juan Ruiz por la sierra, diciéndole siempre: "Dam' mas, amigo!"

Por otra parte, no se le ocurría a Carvajales que debía hacerse pastor por amor de una serrana, como aconteció, al Marqués de Santillana, cuando dice a la Moquela de Bores:

Senora, pastor
 sere si queredes:
 mandarme podedes,
 como a servidor;

y también a Juan Ruiz, cuando se burla de la serrana de la casa del Cornejo, fingiéndose enamorado de ella y alardeándose de sus habilidades rústicas.

Pero es Carvajales el único de los tres que alaba la vida rural desde el punto vista de la serrana, cuando dice la serrana que le sorprendió tanto por el arreo y hermosura de su persona:

De seda rica nin grana
 Non é deseo nin méños cura
 Vestida de gruesa lana,
 Ornada de fermosura;
 Cuando llueve en su cabana,
 Çammara et fuego tenía,

* * *

Entre io et me carillo,
 Ganamos buena soldada,
 Sonando mi caramillo
 Vivo yo mucho pagada;
 Leche, queso et cuiada
 Iamas non me fallescia.

Y es también el único que menciona el carácter de la desconocida hablando de la misma:

Libre, suelta, sufragana,
Padre et madre obedecia.

El Marqués de Santillana no describe específicamente a las serranas que encuentra, aunque alaba mucho su hermosura, pero dice Carvajales de la misma serrana que le impresionó tanto, que tenía:

Cabellos rubios pintados,
Los becos gordos bermeios,
Ojos verdes et resgados,
Dientes blancos et parejos.

Con pocas excepciones empiezan las serranillas de Carvajales, así como las del realista Juan Ruiz y las del idealista y cortesano Marqués de Santillana, con unos versos describiendo brevemente la situación donde se halla el viajero al encontrarse con la serrana. O la halla en el campo saliendo de un olivar, o viniendo de la Campaña al anochecer, o andando por los caminos de Italia.

En las Canticas de Serrana de Juan Ruiz, encuentra a la serrana al pasar por el puerto de Malangosto, o a la fuera de Riofrío.

Así también el Marqués de Santillana, con la excepción de la séptima serranilla, en la cual muestra tanta pena al oír del casamiento de la serrana que se olvida de decirnos quién era y donde se hallaba. De las nueve serranillas que quedan, es de notar que cinco empiezan con unos versos en alabanza de la serrana, seguidos de la descripción de la situación. Citaremos la segunda serranilla:

En toda la su montaña,
de Trasmoz a Veraton,
non vi tan gentil serrana.

Partiendo de Conejares,
alla susso en la montaña,
cerca de la Travessaña,
camino de Trasobares,

encontre moça loçana,
pocos más acá de Añon.
riberas de una fontana.

De la octava, que principia:

Madrugando en Robledillo,
por yr buscar un venado,
falla luego al Colladillo
Caça, de que fui pagado.

Al pie de aquessa montaña
la que dizen de Berçosa,

vi guardar muy grand cabaña
de vacas moça ferrosa,

y de la segunda de Carvajales:

Entre Sesa et Cintura,
Caçando por la traviesa,
Topé dama que deesa
Parescia en su fermosura,

vemos que los cazadores podían hallar otra cosa más interesante que las fieras en los bosques.

Se habrá notado que mientras el ambiente de las serranillas de Juan Ruiz y de Santillana es típicamente castellano, ha transplantado Carvajales este género por completo a Italia hasta el punto en que, como hemos señalado antes, habla a veces la serrana o la dama desconocida en la lengua de Petrarca. Algunas de esos cuadritos líricos están muy bien hechos, como éste:

Veniendo de la Campanna,
Ya el sol se retraya,
Vi pastora muy loçana,
Que su ganado recogia.

Además del tema del encuentro, común a todas las serranillas, y de la descripción o sugerión del paisaje, hallamos en las serranillas de Carvajales, con la excepción de las dos serranillas satíricas a lo Ruiz, mucha alabanza de la belleza de las serranas a lo Santillana, como:

Vi pastora muy loçana;

o cuando dice que tiene:

Fermosura natural,
La boca llena de risa;

o que es:

Más fermosa que arreada;

y también cuando dice:

Passando por la Toscana
Entre Sena et Florencia,
Vi dama gentil, galana,
Digna de gran reverencia.

Cara tenia de romana,
Tocadura portoguesa,
El ayre de castellana,
Vestida como senesa,

y después de describir menudamente todos los detalles de su vestido y de sus joyas sigue:

Pero dábale el favor
Su gesto lyndo, plasiente.

Estas serranas hermosas se hallan en todas las serranillas del Marqués, pero sólo una vez, en la Cantica "Cerca la Tablada," dice Juan Ruiz:

Fallé una serrana
Fermosa, loçana,
E byen colorada.

Por la mayor parte, como hemos visto, las serranillas de Carvajales nos recuerdan las del Marqués de Santillana, aunque de vez en cuando hallamos alguna nota realista muy al estilo del Arcipreste de Hita. Notamos esto especialmente en las dos serranillas burlescas que son como eco de la serranilla realista y parodiada de las chatas de Juan Ruiz.

En la primera de éstas que empieza:

Andando perdido, de noche ya era,
Por una montanna, desierta, fraguosa,
Fallé una villana, feroçe, espantosa,
Armada su mano con lança porquera,

la villana le sale al encuentro, preguntándole ufana; "¿Donde soys? ¿Qué quereys?", y al haller que huye el viajero la crueldad de su enamorada, se vuelve filosófica, aconsejándole que no se enamore de dama que pasa los veinte años "que quanto más sabe, mujer ménos vale," y le dice que debe guardarse "de mujer que há platica et scientia," porque la de tierna edat . . . non tiene ninguna crueldat nin ofende al amante luenga tristura."

Es la otra serranilla una pintura burlesca y parodiada de una serrana que parece pesadilla. Empieza así:

Partiendo de Roma, passando Marino,
Fuera del monte, en una gran plana,
Executando tras un puerco espino,
A muy grandes saltos venía la serrana.

Y sigue con una descripción horrorífica, que recuerda las estrofas 1006 a 1021 del "Libro de Buen Amor," tituladas "De lo que contescio al arcipreste con la serrana e de las figuras della." Es mucho más corta, de sólo dos estrofas, una de cuatro y otra de ocho versos de arte mayor, pero da la misma impresión que la descripción del Arcipreste. Son diferentes los detalles en muchos respectos, aunque no menos fea la serrana. Por ejemplo, dice Carvajales que

La rucia cabeza traya tresquilada,

mientras Juan Ruiz, más prolijo, dice:

Avia la cabeca mucho grande syn guisa;
Cabellos chicos, negros, como corneja lysi.

Pueden compararse las piernas pelosas de la serrana italiana con la muñeca vellosa de la que se encontró con Juan Ruiz, y con

El su pescueço negro, ancho, veloso, chico.

Ambas tienen los dientes largos. Dice Carvajales:

Los dientes muy luengos,

mientras el Arcipreste, más específico, dice:

Dyentes anchos e luengos, cavallunos, maxmordos.

Ambas concuerdan en tener la nariz grande, diciendo Carvajales: "et muy nariguda," y Juan Ruiz:

Las narizes muy luengas, semejan de çarapico;
Bevería 'n pocos días caudal de buhón rico.

La serrana de Carvajales era: "Tuerta de un oio," y la de Juan Ruiz tenía:

Ojos fondos e bermejos: poco e mal devisa.

Otros defectos tienen en común, así como unos "originales," mencionados por sólo uno de ellos, pero hemos dicho lo bastante para mostrar la semejanza entre estas dos visiones.

Fuera de esta serranilla, podemos comparar muchas frases semejantes en los tres autores. Claro está que muchas son comunes a la idea de los poemas de caminante. Por ejemplo, se ha perdido el caminante en los montes como dice Santillana en la sexta serranilla:

Vencido del sueño,
por tierra fragosa
perdi la carrera,
do vi la vaquera
de la Finojosa;

idea que resulta bastante diferente en los versos de Carvajales, ya citados, que principian: "Andando perdido."

En tal situación, lo que más impresiona al viajero es la repentina aparición de la serrana. Dice Santillana, en su primera serranilla:

E vino a mí, como rayo,

y Juan Ruiz:

Salteom' una serrana
a l' asomada del rrostro,

y Carvajales:

Y en veiendome, luégo syn otra peresa,
Revuelta en el braço una capa de lana,
Salióme adelante con mucha arididesa.

También le impresionan la luz y el calor de su fuego, porque dice Carvajales:

y:
Tenia grand fuego cabe una fontana,

Cuando llueve en su cabanna,
çamarra et fuego tenia;

y asimismo Juan Ruiz:

Dixel' yo: "Por Dios, fermosa,
Desirvos he una cosa:
Más querí' estar al fuego";
y:

así como:
Dióme foguera de enzina;

Dióme buena lunbre,
Com' era custunbre
De sierra nevada.

La serrana solía preguntarle por qué estaba allí. Así en Carvajales:

Disiendo: escudero, ¿quien soys? ¿que quereys
Por esta grand silva deshabitada?

En Santillana:

Respondiome con ufana:
Gien vengades, cavallero;
quien vos trae de mañana
por este valle señero?

Y Juan Ruiz:

—¿Qué buscas por esta tierra?
¿Com' andas escaminado?

o:

"Hadeduro!" diz', "¿com' andas?
¿Qué buscas o qué demandas
Por este puerto angosto?"

En otras serranillas, que se parecen más a las pastorelas provenzales, es el caballero que pregunta, impresionado por la belleza de la desconocida, como cuando dice Carvajales:

y el Marqués:
¿Dónde soys, gentil galana?

Preguntele do venía,
desque la ove saluado,
o qual camino fazía.

En esta clase de serranilla duda a veces el viajero si es villana o no tan linda moza como Carvajales en el estribillo de "Veniendo de la Campana" cuando dice:

E sy bien ere villana,
Fija dalgo parescia;

y Santillana en su Serranilla Illa:

A ella volvi,
Diziendo: "Locana,
"¿e sois vos villana?
* * *

"Yo le dixe assi:
"Juro por Santana,
"que no sois villana!"

Pero aunque pondra la belleza de la serrana, algunas veces recuerda que la lealtad le prohibe que se enamore de ella. Por eso, dice Carvajales de la que encontró "Saliendo de un olivar":

Si lealtat non me acordára
De la más lynda figura
Del todo me enamorára,
Tanta vi su fermosura;

y Santillana también, en su quinta serranilla:

Si mi voluntat agena
Non fuera en mejor logar,
Non me pudiera excusar
De ser presso en su cadena;

y en la décima:

La verdad que tan loçana,
Aprés la señora mía,
Non vi donna nin serrana.

Sin embargo, se pone a las órdenes de ella, diciendo Carvajales:

Dixe: "Qué quereys mandar,
Sennora, pues soys casada,
Que vos non quiero enoiar,
Nin ofender mi enamorada?"

El Marqués de Santillana en la cuarta serranilla dice:

E dixe: "Sennora, estando
Oyendo, yo non me excuso
De fazer lo que mandares."

La serrana suele despedirle, sea porque le anconseja no dejar a su señora, como en Carvajales:

Replicó: "yd en buen hora,
Non cures de amar villana,
Pues servis a tal sennora,
Non troques seda por lana

Nin querays de mí burlar,
Pues sabies que so enaienada;

sea porque él no es pastor, como en el Marqués de Santillana:

Dixo: Cavallero,
Tiradvos a fuera:
dexad la vaquera
passar al otero;
ca dos labradores
me piden de Frama,
entrambos pastores."

Bien se conoce que frases como éstas son, por lo general, típicas del género de serranillas, pero es interesante notar la diferencia entre los poetas.

Sólo queda por discutirse la métrica de los tres poetas (teniendo en cuenta sólo sus serranillas). Analizándolas hallamos que Santillana y Juan Ruiz emplean los versos de ocho y de seis sílabas, mientras Carvajales usa el octosílabo en todas con la excepción de las dos satíricas, que están escritas en versos de arte mayor. En Carvajales y Juan Ruiz hallamos muchos versos irregulares, de siete o de nueve sílabas en vez de ocho. (Son más irregulares los versos de Juan Ruiz.) También hallamos ejemplos de consonancia parcial o de asonancia en vez de consonancia perfecta, como casi siempre en Santillana. Por lo general, podemos decir que los versos de Santillana son mucho más perfectos técnicamente que los de los otros dos. Otra circunstancia notable es la gran proporción de hiato que se halla en Juan Ruiz en comparación con Santillana y Carvajales.

En cuanto a la rima, hay por supuesto, mucha variedad. Sólo coincide la rima de la primera serranilla de Santillana "Serranillas de Moncayo" y el llamado villancete de Carvajales, que empieza "Saliendo de un olivar," con la excepción de que en el poema de Carvajales no sólo se repite la rima del cuarteto al final de cada estrofa, sino que repite también, por completo, los dos últimos versos de la primera estrofa al fin de la última como estribillo.

El estribillo parecía forma predilecta de Carvajales porque lo hallamos en la mitad de sus serranillas. Ya hemos mencionado algunas de ellos. Siguen:

- (1) Vi serrana, que tornar
me fiso de mi iornada;
- (2) E sy bien era villana
Fija de algo parescia;
- (3) Mia matre é de Aversa
Io, miçer, napolitana;

(4) Estaba la ninna loçana
Las manos sobre la treça.

Hay estribillo sólo en una de las composiciones de Santillana, la sexta, donde termina cada estrofa con:

De la Finojosa;

y no se halla en ninguna de las Canticas de Serrana de Juan Ruiz.

Hay mucha repetición de la rima, sin repetición de los versos. Cuatro de las serranillas de Carvajales y cuatro de las de Santillana tienen la misma rima en los cuatro últimos versos de cada estrofa, mientras hay tres más de Santillana que concuerdan en la rima de tres versos. Dos de las de Juan Ruiz y dos de las de Santillana usan la misma consonante en el último verso de cada estrofa.

En resumen, puede decirse que vale la pena de leerse la poesía de Carvajales no sólo por la particularidad de incluir los primeros versos en italiano y los primeros romances, cosa que la hace de interés histórico, sino también porque tiene verdadera inspiración lírica y porque sus serranillas sobretodo tienen cualidades que las hacen apreciables todavía en el día he hoy.

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EXPLICATION DE TEXTES

AN EXERCISE RECOMMENDED FOR CLASSES IN FRENCH LITERATURE

ONE OF THE MOST widely practiced disciplines in French schools and universities is the traditional *explication de textes*. It is found in the program of classroom activities of nearly all the subjects in the school's curriculum, and it is experienced over and over again by the student whether he be French or of foreign nationality. For the American student who is studying in France, this exercise embodies certain difficulties. Its novelty bewilders and disorients him, for in his scholastic career he generally has had no training comparable to it. He is apt to suffer a keen mental discomfort upon initiation, since he lacks a method of approach, and because the exercise demands a critical mind, a good dose of imagination, literary appreciation, and, for comparative studies, an established general culture. The presentation of the *explication* may differ in method and in content from exponent to exponent, whether professor or student, for one may be adroit in the evaluation of details and in interpreting nuances of meaning, while the other may be superior in explaining, in a general and comprehensive manner, the qualities and defects of the text. Although this variation is a desirable factor, it is confusing to the initiate, but, on the other hand, it places him before the problem of "working out" his own *explication*, and therein lie its merits. At that particular moment he is most likely to agree with his compatriot, the American professor, who asked M. Gustave Lanson, the eminent French professor: *Quel est le tortionnaire qui avait inventé l'explication de textes?*¹

It is not our intention to answer the above question nor to discuss at length what constitutes an *explication de textes*. This particular aspect has been discussed in other articles, the most noteworthy of which is the essay cited by Gustave Lanson.² It is, however, intended to give an illustration of an *explication*, and at the same time, to bring the exercise to the attention of teachers of French who may not be acquainted with it, and who may wish to put it to test in the training of their advanced students. In the course of a teaching experience one comes to recognize more and more the values this exercise embodies. In the first place, it requires an exacting preparation of the text in question, a performance which entails for the student the consultation of French reference gram-

¹ Gustave Lanson, *Méthodes de l'Histoire Littéraire* [=*Etudes Françaises*, cahier 1], Paris, 1925, p. 38.

mars, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and texts on literary history. Likewise it affords precise work in composition, for it stresses the organization and the presentation of the material gathered. In the second place, and no less important, it is an excellent classroom device to stimulate the student's faculties for original thinking. Being an exercise in which the subjective is happily combined with the objective, it gains the student's interest in advance. For the teacher, it serves as a good yardstick by which he may gauge the student's comprehension of the text in question, and his knowledge of the language in general. Furthermore, *l'explication de textes* not only calls upon the participation of one particular student, but of all the members of the class who, during the course of the *explication*, at appropriate intervals, or at its conclusion, may evaluate what has been said or contribute a different point of view, a new idea. Since an accurate comprehension of the text is taken for granted, it dispenses with the time-worn activity of translation, and allows the complete procedure to be conducted in French, thereby giving the student the much needed opportunity for oral expression.

Inasmuch as we have mentioned the procedure in the presentation of an *explication*, it is fitting, in this instance, to recall some of M. Lanson's observations. Concerning the aim of the exercise, the critic states:

L'exercice de l'explication a pour but, et, lorsqu'il est bien pratiqué, pour effet, de créer chez les étudiants une habitude de lire attentivement et d'interpréter fidèlement les textes littéraires. Il tend à les rendre capables de trouver dans une page ou une œuvre d'un écrivain ce qui y est, tout ce qui y est, rien que ce qui y est.³

For the realization of this aim, M. Lanson outlines briefly a proposed method: firstly, the formulation of strict rules to follow because

Parfois on s'imagine qu'il s'agit de dire n'importe quoi, pourvu qu'on dise quelque chose. On débite tout ce qu'on sait de l'auteur et du livre. On cause à bride abattue sur le siècle ou le sujet. On cherche à remplir le temps réglementaire de l'exercice. On s'occupe de faire briller son esprit.⁴

Secondly, a minute grammatical study:

La base . . . de toute explication française est l'étude grammaticale du texte. . . . L'intelligence exacte du vocabulaire et de la syntaxe de l'auteur, dans la page qu'on a choisie, n'est pas nécessaire seulement pour fixer le sens littéral,

³ Gustave Lanson, *Op. Cit.*

M. Roustan, *Précis d'Explication Française*, Librairie Classique Delaplane, Paul Mellottée, Editeur, Paris, n. d.

Textes Français, Librairie Classique Delaplane, Paul Mellottée, Editeur, Paris. Another viewpoint on the *explication de textes*, and one worth noting, is found in Rollo Walter Brown's *How the French Boy Learns to Write*, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1915, pp. 123-148.

⁴ Gustave Lanson, *Op. Cit.*, p. 40.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 45.

mais elle prépare la connaissance fine des nuances de l'idée ou de la forme.⁵ And thirdly, after having accomplished the above task, that of defining the proper usage of each word, of elucidating the obscure passages, of explaining the literary and historical allusions:

... il s'agit de passer du sens littéral au sens littéraire . . . il faut essayer de mettre en lumière l'intérêt ou psychologique, ou philosophique, ou historique . . . du texte choisi, et d'un faire sentir la valeur esthétique, la beauté. Tout ce travail se fait en faisant concourir sans cesse l'impression personnelle dont on ne peut se passer, et la connaissance érudite qui sert à préciser, interpréter, contrôler, élargir, rectifier l'impression personnelle.⁶

M. Lanson then concludes that:

Tout est légitime, pourvu qu'on regarde son texte de près, et qu'on s'éfface devant son auteur; pourvu qu'on cherche le vrai, la nuance du vrai par tous les moyens qui sont à notre disposition.⁷

With this recommendation well in mind, we proceed to the discussion of our particular *explication*—a page chosen from the second volume of *Les Thibault, Le Pénitencier* by Roger Martin du Gard.⁸ It is not necessary to recall to you this author's place in contemporary French literature, for it has been revealed to us by a goodly number of articles which have appeared in recent years about his works, due to the fact that he was awarded (for *Les Thibault*) the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1937.⁹ Nor is it important for our purpose to retrace his

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 49.

⁸ Roger Martin du Gard, *Les Thibault*: v. 1, *Le Cahier Gris*, 1922, v. 2, *Le Pénitencier*, 1922, v. 3, *La Belle Saison*, 1923, v. 4, *La Consultation*, 1928, v. 5, *La Sorellina*, 1928, v. 6, *La Mort du Père*, 1929, v. 7, *L'Eté 1914*, 1936, *Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française*, Librairie Gallimard, Paris.

⁹ a) *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, November 20, 1937. A page in homage to Roger Martin du Gard, composed of articles by René Lalou and Lucien Vermont, of evaluations by André Gide, Albert Thibaudet and Edmond Jaloux, and of excerpts from the author's works, *Jean Barois* (1913) and *La Belle Saison*.

b) Malcolm Cowley, "Books in Review: Nobel Prize Novel," *New Republic*, v. 93, p. 232.

c) A. G. Fite, "Roger Martin du Gard, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, 1937," *The Modern Language Forum*, December, 1938, p. 171.

d) Albert Thibaudet, *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, Librairie Stock, Paris, 1936, pp. 445, 545.

e) André Rousseaux, *Littérature du XXe Siècle*, Albin Michel, Paris, 1938, pp. 74-94.

f) Other articles concerning the different volumes of *Les Thibault* as they appeared: Gonzaque Truc, "Portraits d'Ecrivains," *Revue Bleue*, 1925, XXXI, pp. 14-47. François Le Grix, "Les Livres et Nous," *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, 1928, VII, pp. 355-369. John Charpentier, "Figures," *Mercure de France*, Jan. 15, 1931, pp. 333-336.

biography in detail. As has been pointed out elsewhere, little has been written about his life,¹⁰ and the information available is very brief. He was born in 1881, at Neuilly-Sur-Seine, received an excellent education, having attended the Sorbonne and the École des Chartres, fought in the World War (a fact which places him in the group of writers known as the *Génération du Feu*)¹¹ and is living now in Paris, at 10 Rue du Dragon.¹² It is essential, however, in order better to understand the passage which will follow, to make a few remarks about *la famille des Thibault*, and to give in brief résumé the events which lead up to our text.

La famille des Thibault consists at the outset of a father and two sons: Antoine, a young doctor in his twenties, and Jacques, an adolescent, nine years his junior. M. Thibault *père* is a proud, authoritative man, "si autoritaire et d'un commerce si rugueux que tous les êtres qui sont obligés de vivre à foyer se réfugiaient silencieusement derrière un masque."¹³ He has created for himself a position of influence and power in the world of the Catholic church, and the maintenance of this position is to him, his very life in this world and in the next. Antoine is an honest, solid person, with a keen mind and a rare understanding of human beings, who has been able to preserve his independence of mind and of actions, yet yielding at the same time to his father's will. It is not the same for Jacques. Deprived of his mother's love since birth, he has been reared by a governess who has followed only too readily the stern principles of M. Thibault. He is a highly sensitive and delicate being whose character is *violent, exagéré, fantasque; il passe du plus sombre découragement aux plus fuites espérances*. He cannot endure any intellectual or physical restraint; he constantly feels the need of affection, of compassion, the need of communicating the outpourings of his heart, and it is impossible for him to give any form of oral expression to his impressions, to his emotions because instinctively he is aware of a certain hypocrisy and hostility in both his father's attitude toward him and in his surroundings. Concerning Antoine, he believes him to be a *chic type*, but the difference in their ages keeps them from being friends in the

¹⁰ Fite, *op. cit.*, p. 171.

¹¹ Other members of the *Génération du Feu* are André Gide, Marcel Proust, Giraudeau, Alain Fournier, Montherlant, Duhamel, Dorgelès, Pierre Benoit, Barbusse.

¹² *Qui Etes-Vous*, G. Ruffy, Paris, 1924, p. 517.

¹³ *International Who's Who*, European Publications Limited, London, 1939, p. 806.

¹⁴ Roger Martin du Gard, *op. cit.*, v. 2, pp. 196-197.

sense that Jacques understands the word "friendship," therefore he is distrustful of him.

Le Cahier Gris, the first volume of *Les Thibault*, has for its principal theme the friendship of Jacques Thibault and Daniel Fontanin, a Protestant. For the former, this friendship is ardently sincere. The two boys confide the effusive expression of their sentiments to the pages of a gray notebook, most of which is written during the attendance of Jacques at a Catholic school. This notebook is confiscated by one of the reverend fathers. Deceived by its style and its vocabulary, unable to comprehend the particular expression of this friendship, the Director of the school gives an erroneous interpretation to these confessions and confidences. Jacques is outraged by this gross violation of respect for his *vie privéée*, and demands the immediate restitution of the *cahier*. Refused and tersely reprimanded, he runs away to Marseille, accompanied by Daniel. Their intention is to sail for Africa. After various experiences they are caught by the police and returned to their respective families. Daniel, who has been reared in a congenial home atmosphere, surrounded with affection and respect, is lovingly welcomed and generously pardoned in a scene reminiscent of his biblical prototype. For Jacques it is a less happy return. He is brought before a family tribunal, and in spite of the intercession of his brother Antoine, he is condemned to a reform school, an institution founded by M. Thibault, *père*.

Between the first and the second volume, *le Pénitencier*, nine months have elapsed. During his brother's absence, Antoine has continued to live quietly without being preoccupied about his brother's life until a chance meeting with Daniel arouses within him a dire concern for Jacques' well-being. He is chagrined by his failure to have opposed more vigorously Jacques' confinement and harassed by the thought that Jacques is being persecuted. Driven by remorse, he decides finally to visit, unbeknownst to Jacques and to his father, the *Fondation Thibault*. His arrival surprises the Director, and upon Antoine's request to see his brother he learns that he is at Mass. Obliged to be alone for a few moments he hears a series of bell-rangings which, of course, arouses within him all sorts of suspicions and especially the one that the stage is being set for his reception. After an inspection of the *Fondation* which in no way gives any reality to his fears, he meets Jacques in the courtyard of the church. Antoine hardly recognizes him and Jacques shows no surprise nor does he betray any emotion at this unexpected reunion. It is only when Jacques and Antoine are alone in the former's quarters that the two brothers endeavor to understand each other. It is the text which portrays this scene upon which we propose to comment:

Il ne détachait pas son regard de Jacques, cherchant à retrouver, dans cette physionomie nouvelle, les traits d'autrefois. C'étaient bien les mêmes cheveux roux, plus foncés un peu et tirant sur le brun, mais toujours rudes et plantés bas; c'était le même nez mince et mal formé, les mêmes lèvres gercées, qu'ombrait maintenant un impalpable duvet blond; c'était la même mâchoire, massive, encore élargie; et c'étaient les mêmes oreilles décollées qui semblaient tirer sur la bouche et la tenir allongée. Mais rien de tout cela ne ressemblait plus à l'enfant d'hier. "On dirait que le tempérament même a changé," songeait-il; "lui, si mobile, toujours tourmenté: et maintenant ce visage plat, dormant... Lui, si nerveux, c'est maintenant un lymphatique..."

— "Lève-toi un peu?"

Jacques se prêtait à l'examen avec un sourire complaisant qui n'éclairait pas le regard. Il y avait comme une buée sur ses prunelles.

Antoine lui palpa les bras, les jambes.

— "Ce que tu as grandi! Tu ne te sens pas fatigué par cette croissance rapide?"

L'autre secoua la tête. Antoine le tenait devant lui, par les poignets. Il remarquait la pâleur de la peau, sur laquelle les taches de rousseur faisaient un semis foncé; et aussi le léger cerne qui creusait les paupières inférieures.

— "Pas fameux, le teint," reprit-il avec une nuance de sérieux; il fronça les sourcils, fut sur le point de dire autre chose, et se tut.

Tout à coup, la physionomie soumise, inexpressive de Jacques, lui rappela le soupçon qui l'avait effleuré lorsque Jacques avait paru dans la cour.

— "On t'avait prévenu que je t'attendais après la messe?" lança-t-il sans préambule.

Jacques le considérait sans comprendre.

— "Quand tu es sorti de la chapelle," insista Antoine, "tu savais que j'étais là?"

— "Mais non. Comment?" Il souriait avec un étonnement naïf.

Antoine battit en retraite; il murmura:

— "Je l'avais cru... On peut fumer?" reprit-il pour changer la conversation.

Jacques le regarda avec inquiétude; et comme Antoine lui présentait son étui:

— "Non. Pas moi." répondit-il. Et sa figure se rembrunit.¹⁴

In the above passage one is immediately impressed by the tone of intimate simplicity and by the lack of visible effort in its style. Equilibrium is manifest throughout. The vocabulary is composed of common words which have clear and direct meanings, and the adjectives which modify them are mainly descriptive (*rude, gercé*). In contrast to the lack of studied elegance or affectation there is, however, a repetition of terms and phrases (*c'était le même etc.*) which sets the tempo of the passage, a harmonious movement which is not interrupted by the subsequent short sentences, and which gives to the style a delicate poetical feeling.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 49-51.

We hear the tones of the words, see the gestures they evoke and feel their emotional qualities. It will be seen that this force of evocation has been deftly and discreetly calculated by the author.

Let us now return to the text.

Il ne détachait pas son regard de Jacques (1.1) : Antoine has not seen Jacques for the last nine months, and he is astonished by the physical change which has taken place; he is so fascinated by this change that he looks fixedly at his brother. *Cherchant à retrouver* (1.1) : Antoine has in his memory the image of the former Jacques. He compares it to the one he has before him so that in his mind there is a constant effort to reconcile the past with the present, and to understand the causes of this change. *Cette physionomie nouvelle* (1.2) : the word *physionomie* applies to a person's features as a whole, but in this instance the author means the new expression which Jacques' features have, created by the change in milieu and in habits of living. *Traits d'autrefois* (1.2) : Antoine's mental training has been in the sciences; he is accustomed to scrutinize the merest detail. He, therefore, goes back to the earliest memories of his brother's childhood in order to judge more accurately the transformation which has taken place. The complete sentence gives a *vue d'ensemble* of Jacques' physical change. The author now develops the idea of change in describing minutely each feature of Jacques' *physionomie* as it was and adding to it what is new, a technique we might liken to the folding and unfolding of a fan; folded, it presents a solid color, unfolded, the details of design and the nuances of color as well. *C'était bien, c'était le même etc.* (1.4) : the repetition of these phrases has for its objective the confirmation of those traits which have made up Jacques' former features, of those which have remained stable and of those which are new. *C'étaient les mêmes cheveux roux, plus foncés un peu et tirant sur le brun, mais toujours rudes et plantés bas* (1.2) : the adjectives in this description which attract our attention are *plus foncés* and *plantés bas*. Jacques being forced to spend his time in confinement, it is a natural consequence that his hair has darkened, but the value of the phrase lies rather in the measure of time it establishes. The phrase *plantés bas* delineates one of the stable features in his countenance, a low forehead, and when coupled with the adjective *rude*, suggests a certain virile quality of boyish brutality. *Nez mince et mal formé* (1.4) : the expression is vague, yet it clearly describes the poorest feature in Jacques' face. *Les lèvres gercées* (1.4) : with extremely nervous people like Jacques there is often a physical disorder which causes the lips to become inflamed, as if they have been chapped by the wind. It is also possible that Jacques has the nervous habit of biting his lips when excited, and that the emotions which his

predicament has caused him to experience have occasioned this condition. One may also see in the term an allusion to the former instability of temperament which embraced the heights of exaltation and the depths of despair.

Qu'ombrailat maintenant un impalpable duvet blond (1.5) : *impalpable* points out the extreme fineness of the epidermal covering of soft, short hairs, and the adjective *blond* reenforces the idea; yet, the word *ombrailat* indicates that the down is perceptible since it shadows the upper lip. The phrase as a whole announces the state of pubescence which is beginning in Jacques' life. *Mâchoire massive encore élargie* (1.6) : this adjectival phrase is to be considered in the same light as *cheveux rudes* and *plantés bas* as it further emphasizes the strain of brutality in his features. *Une mâchoire massive* is generally interpreted as a sign of stubbornness and energy. These particular traits have been dominant in Jacques' character, and the prolonged and enforced solitude of the penitent has accentuated them. *Les oreilles décollées etc.* (1.6) : Jacques' ears are prominent and stand out from his head; they are made all the more noticeable by the haggardness in his face. The full result of all these various details of description presents the portrait of a youth in that unprofitable period of adolescence, the age of puberty; this picture of physical unattractiveness leaves us with the impression that this particular youth has experienced some desperately cruel emotions, the effects of which are still vital.

Mais rien de tout cela ne ressemblait plus à l'enfant d'hier (1.7) : the author has finished his description of the "new" Jacques and he returns now to the general impression that Antoine had when he first saw his brother. *Enfant d'hier* attaches the impression to the recent past and to the image that Antoine has kept of his brother since the latter's departure for the *Fondation*. We feel that Antoine is reviewing these impressions in his mind and is experiencing those first moments of compassion and, again, the shock of surprise. *On dirait que le tempérament même a changé etc* (1.8) : the change in Jacques has not been merely exterior and physical, but it has taken place in the very heart of his being. Antoine now estimates the psychological change in his brother, and for this, the author proceeds in the same manner as above, by deft comparison of the past and present. *Mobile, tourmenté; plat, dormant; nerveux, lymphatique* (1.10) : Jacques was a restless, impulsive boy who could not hide his emotions; from the shock of his recent experiences he has learned dissimulation and restraint. The words *plat* and *dormant* stress the lack of expression in his features and betray the stuporous condition in which he is. It is further emphasized by the word *lymphatique*, a term used to

describe one of the four types of temperament (the other three are the nervous, the bilious, and the sanguine) and one which designates a temperament lacking in energy or indisposed to physical exertion. It is sometimes characterized by a pallor, a softening of the muscles and a precarious state of health. Thus is summed up in these two precise terms, *nerveux* and *lymphatique* the transformation in Jacques' temperament, occasioned by solitude, confinement and resignation. Moreover by the juxtaposition of these portraits, the author touches upon the sentimental side of the situation and causes us to reflect upon the emotional shock which Antoine must have suffered on seeing his brother again. However, these emotions are stemmed instantly, and the professional man in Antoine ascends. From this moment on, Antoine, the doctor, observes and examines Jacques.

"*Lève-toi un peu?*" (l.11): the command is softened by the interrogation. Antoine does not wish to give any importance to the act. There is a certain solicitude on his part not to alarm his brother. *Un peu* limits the act to the duration of a few moments. *Jacques se prêtait à l'examen* etc. (l.12): *se prêter* in this instance is a synonym for *consentir*, but the word connotes a degree of submissiveness in Jacques' compliance, and we see the slow gesture of the boy rising to his feet. This nuance of submissiveness is rendered more evident by *un souire complaisant* (l.12): a smile which is sketched faintly and which is toned by a lack of sincerity and warmth in its expression. *Qui n'éclairait pas le regard* (l.12): the smile is not motivated by an emotion; it does not come from his heart; the expression in his eyes has not responded to it and remains unchanged. *Il y avait comme une buée sur les prunelles* (l.13): this sentence determines Jacques' expression, and presents the image of Jacques as if he were in a state of hypnosis. There is a definite relationship between this sentence and the words *plat* and *dormant* and the stuporous condition they implied; it keeps this fact present in our minds. The lack of the quality of limpidness in his eyes gives to them an expression of remoteness. This idea recalls the previously cited phrase *l'enfant d'hier*.

Antoine lui palpait les bras, les jambes (l.14): Antoine executes a purely professional gesture in his examination. The word *palper* slackens the movement of his gestures and stresses their duration. "*Ce que tu as grandi*" (l.15): Antoine has finished a preliminary step in his examination and utters this familiar and natural exclamation with the intention of dismissing again the importance he attaches to the auscultation. Also, he wishes to put his brother at ease before him and to give his conversation a tone of affection. "*Tu ne te sens pas fatigué par cette croissance rapide?*" (l.15): Antoine is limiting himself to the physical in his

observations, but at the same time he is thinking about the psychological effects which may accompany a too rapid physical development. We feel that he has lingering in his mind certain preoccupations which Jacques' physical condition has induced. The word *rapide* points to the fact that the change (growth) has taken place in a shorter period of time than it would have normally in a different milieu.

L'autre secoua la tête (1.17) : Jacques does not care to express himself orally. The substitution of the sign for the spoken word indicates his wilful reticence. *Antoine le tenait devant lui par les poignets* etc. (1.17) : the doctor continues nonchalantly his examination in taking hold of Jacques' wrists in order to feel his pulse and to draw Jacques nearer to him so that at the same time he may scrutinize his face for signs indicative of illness. He notices especially his pallor and the dark circles under his eyes. Jacques' pallor has already been indicated by the word *lymphatique* but in this instance it is not only expressed but emphasized by an accompanying description in contrasts, *les taches de rousseur faisaient un semis foncé* (1.18) : Likewise, the physiological change announced previously by the term *impalpable duvet* and the phrase "*tu ne te sens pas fatigué*" is now definitely revealed.

"Pas fameux le teint" (1.21) : this familiar expression of Antoine's thought which concludes his examination has in it no reproach for Jacques, but rather Antoine's desire to reassure his brother and to conceal his true conclusions, the seriousness of which we are made to realize by the inflection in his voice (*nuance de sérieux*). *Il fronça les sourcils* etc. (1.21) : Antoine has noticed something significant which confirms his quietude ; he is about to mention it but refrains from doing so because of Jacques whose feelings he is most solicitous not to hurt and whose confidence he wishes to gain. This unexpressed thought is related to the physiological crisis previously detected. His silence marks the end of the role Antoine, the doctor, has played and from this point to the end of the paragraph Antoine, the brother, reappears. However, the examination of Jacques continues, but it will be psychological rather than physical, and its prime motive will be the well-being of Jacques.

Tout à coup, la physionomie soumise, inexpressive de Jacques, lui rappela le soupçon qui l'avait effleuré etc. (1.23) : Jacques has been so reserved, so phlegmatic that Antoine again becomes uneasy. He mistrusts the circumstances. His reception and the subsequent bell-rangings are still vivid in his memory. He has the feeling that the stage has been set and that the movements of its principal actor have been styled in advance. "*On t'avait prévenu que je t'attendais après la messe?*" lança-t-il . . . (1.25) : Antoine's suspicions betray his anxiety for the truth; he puts

his question point blank. The abruptness in his manner is conveyed by the verb *lancer*. We may see in this directness the proof of his sincerity, of his courage in facing obstacles, and of his good will toward Jacques.

Jacques le considérait sans comprendre (1.27) : Jacques, not conscious of Antoine's mental anguish, does not understand why Antoine has asked him this question, and, quite naturally, is unable to apprehend its hidden significance. Antoine then becomes insistent and repeats his question in giving to it, this time, a more precise form: "*Quand tu es sorti de la chapelle . . . tu savais que j'étais là?*" (1.28) : he is determined to seek out the truth. "*Mais non. Comment?*" (1.30) : This reply is a denial of Antoine's insinuation on one hand ; he was in the chapel at the time of Antoine's arrival and did not know that his brother had to wait in the Director's office ; yet, on the other, this opposing one question to another is a device which permits him to evade a direct answer. We may see in the following sentence, *il souriait avec un étonnement naïf*, a further shielding of the truth. His reaction, as described, may appear spontaneous and without artifice, but we are left with the image of a Jacques not authentically astonished and embarrassed. *Antoine battit en retraite* (1.31) : *battre en retraite* is a military term which is well chosen in this instance, for Antoine's efforts to overcome Jacques' indifference and sluggishness may be likened to a campaign against an unseen enemy. Antoine has been aggressive in the face of his brother's attitude but without success, and now, intimidated by Jacques expression of embarrassment, he realizes that he will gain nothing by these tactics and abandons them. *Il murmura: "Je l'avais cru."* (1.32) : Antoine speaks to himself as if he were trying to be convinced that he has not misjudged the situation. He is accustomed to observe well and he has detected some dissimulation in Jacques' manner. "*On peut fumer?*" (1.32) : Astutely, in order to lighten the atmosphere of embarrassment caused by his questions and to dispell its disquieting effects, Antoine changes completely the tone of the conversation. He hopes to distract Jacques' reflections by focusing his attention on an actuality, that of smoking, and at the same time reach him on a basis of *camaraderie*. *Jacques le regarda avec inquiétude* (1.34) : to smoke is no doubt against the rules of the *Fondation*. It is not, however, this infraction which causes Jacques' uneasiness but the thoughts which the series of questions have provoked. There is also a certain vague fear in Jacques that Antoine is trying to catch him unawares. "*Non. Pas moi.*" (1.36) : Jacques replies to Antoine's gesture of offering him a cigarette and not to his question. *Sa figure rembrunit* (1.36) : *rembrunir* in this instance is used figuratively in the sense of *attrister*. This act of smoking has caused Jacques to recall his former pleasures associated with it; their evocation, coupled with the present

and actual joy which he has refused, casts the shadow of sadness over his features.

On this note of melancholy the text of the passage terminates. In it we have found an excellent illustration of some of the qualities of the author's writing. Although the style of the passage is simple and direct, and excludes all trace of effort, we may surmise that its realization was not immediate and without due labor. Roger Martin du Gard has exploited to the fullest what Gustave Flaubert termed *cette vieille concentration qui donne vigueur à la pensée et relief au mot*,¹⁵ and its *rendement* is prose, cleared of all that is unnecessary, in which each word has been chosen for its nuance as well as its meaning; in which the *intérêt dramatique* is constant in spite of the minimum of exterior events, and in which the author's objectiveness has not excluded *le cœur*, for the emotional is projected by accent and gesture and emanates from the mood of the passage as a whole. It is this deftness of touch, so evident in the balance between form and expression, coupled with sobriety in tone, which gives to this prose its *classicisme*, and reveals that Roger Martin du Gard possesses an extraordinary talent for the creation of psychological attitudes and conflicts.

Our *explication de textes* has thus illustrated the elements which enter into this type of study. The reading of a text should present a definite challenge to the student to show what his faculties are for its comprehension, what the text has meant to him and what effect it has had on his intellectual and moral development. The present activity of reading for translation or for content alone, with its accompanying sets of questions and completion exercises as a gauge by which to measure the student's understanding, is, in our opinion, no longer adequate. The student needs the opportunity to have a direct and intimate association with literary texts, and to assemble, to organize, and to express pertinently the multiple impressions he has gathered from them. Such a challenge, such an opportunity is offered by the exercise of an *explication de textes*. Practiced over a period of time, the student will find that it not only has developed his faculties for concentration, independence of thought and esthetic appreciation, but has created in him a critical attitude which spontaneously is exercised the instant he is confronted with any literary text. His immediate reward is that inestimable satisfaction of arriving, through his own efforts, at a clear understanding of another's writing and the knowledge of what is actually entailed in an intellectual creation.

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¹⁵ Gustave Flaubert, *Correspondance, Edition du Centenaire*, Librairie de France, Paris, 1922-1925, I, p. 471.

REVIEWS

Goethe, *Faust und Urfaust*, erläutert von Ernst Beutler. Leipzig, Dieterich, 1939; lxxviii + 646 pp. (Sammlung Dieterich, Band 25).

The first reaction is that we have several good *Faust* editions made for various purposes, and need no more; the ultimate conclusion after careful perusal is that we needed just one more and that this is the one we needed. Every generation needs its own *Faust* and Beutler's was written for his generation.

Man wollte nur ordentlicher Soldat sein und fühlte sich in den Schützengräben nicht als faustischer Mensch. Aber wir wussten, dass in diesem kleinen Büchlein die ganze Heimat mit uns war. Kein Gedanke, keine Empfindung konnte es auf Erden geben, die nicht hier in den Lauten unserer Sprache ihren vollendetsten Ausdruck gefunden hatte.

It is an achievement to prepare an edition of *Faust* that does justice to conflicting views regarding disputable points of its interpretation and sets forth the exact degree of probability regarding the history of its composition. Witkowski has approximated this ideal. It is an achievement of another order to prepare an edition of *Faust* that offers everything needful for appreciation without dragging in the whole history of *Faust* research with it and submerging the text with notes. This is the ideal Beutler has approached. Its accomplishment presupposes no less *Faust* erudition, but it presupposes at the same time a high degree of self restraint and above all a sensitive feeling for art. To be clear and brief one sometimes has to be categorical. Just to take one sample: Beutler says in the introduction, page xxxiii, that Marlowe's *Faustus* was played in London in the year 1588. Scholars might debate—scholars have debated—by pages and volumes as to whether this is true, but the pros and cons of the argumentation would add not a whit to the reader's understanding and appreciation of Goethe's *Faust*. Only by such suppressions can the annotation be held within bounds.

The introduction is divided into six parts: "Goethes Begegnung mit Faust," "Der Astrolog," "Die magische Welt," "Wittenberg und Erfurt," "Volksbuch und Volksschauspiel," "Das Werden der Dichtung," "Die Tragödie." The first part begins with a confrontation of *Faust* with the *Divina Commedia*. Not the comparing but the comparison is new. In part three I find most enlightening the sentence on page xx: "Es ist nicht wahr, dass die Renaissance die Menschen frei gemacht hat. Es tritt nur an Stelle der Höllenangst die Sternenfurcht, und meist ist der Mensch jetzt von beiden geplagt, während das Mittelalter nur das erstere kannte."

The freshly written and readable introduction takes much of the burden from the notes. In Witkowski's edition the proportion of text and apparatus is as one to one. In Beutler's edition it is as three to one. To attain such conciseness the mere shunning of controversy is not enough. Beutler refrains even from citing authorities. The uninitiated reader may imagine that Beutler has achieved the edition single handed. The superficially informed may suppose that he has copied everything from his predecessors. Only the inmost circle of *Faust* scholars, to which group the reviewer does not belong, will know, from note to note, what is traditional and what is newly offered here. Not even a bibliography is offered, for the three item list called "Faust-Schriften" at the top of the last page is either a practical joke on the reader or an unconvincing pose of dilettantism on the part of the editor. It might well be averred

that such banning of names does the countless host of *Faust* investigators severally out of their accustomed recognition, but criticism is estopped when it is recognized that Beutler has thrown his own rich contributions anonymously into the common treasury. Only by chance am I aware of a few of the shining new items and I wish to call attention to them lest they be overlooked in the mass.

It is the good fortune of this edition to have originated in the Frankfurt Goethe Museum, the stores of which have cast upon the origin of Goethe's *Faust* some light that has never shone before. Whoever reads the note to line 2605 must be convinced that one moot question is settled forever. "Die Kindesmörderin," Susanna Margarethe Brandt, is definitely the "Vorbild" of Gretchen, however much Friederike Brion and others may have affected her development as a tragic character. Since the time that the *Urfaust* came to light there has been no discovery concerning the origin of *Faust* that is more sensational than this. Goethe's personal knowledge of the tragic case of this unwilling criminal, "im Elend! Verzweifelnd! Embärmlich auf der Erde lange verirrt und nun gefangen!" is completely demonstrated. Beutler coincides in the view of Scherer and of Röthe that "Trüber Tag, Feld" belongs to the oldest portion of *Faust* brought to paper, though he comes to the conclusion by an entirely different route from his predecessors.

As a characteristic contribution of Beutler to the appreciation of *Faust* I recognize further the many Shakespeare parallels to *Faust* passages suggested here and there in the notes. For further Shakespeare parallels see Beutler's recent edition of Goethe's *Zum Schäkespears Tag*, Weimar 1938. With slightly less assurance I attribute to Beutler the systematic exploitation of Praetorius as a source for certain occult passages in *Faust*. At many other points I found interesting clarifications and connections which I surmised to be new, for example, the remark on Franciscus Mercurius von Helmont (1618-1699) in the note to lines 449-453.

The question remains: What does the new edition of *Faust* mean to us? If I were to read *Faust* with any undergraduate group I should unhesitatingly select Beutler's edition rather than any other in existence. In a graduate course Witkowski's would be still indispensable, for Beutler's edition offers only the text of *Faust* and *Urfaust*. It is certain, however, that even the most advanced student cannot afford to overlook the new matter that Beutler offers.

Finally one must comment on the amazing cheapness of the new edition. Its format is much the same as that of the one volume thin paper edition of Witkowski. The paper and print are as attractive as in Witkowski's and the binding too, if one likes white linen bindings. Yet the price is only a fraction of that of its predecessor and nearest rival.

LAWRENCE M. PRICE

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A Comparative Germanic Grammar. By E. Prokosch. (William Dwight Whitney Linguistic Series, Linguistic Society of America, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1939.)

The occasion of the appearance of this long-awaited work was saddened by the tragic accident which ended Professor Prokosch's distinguished career.

Yet it must be a source of strength in sorrow to those who knew him, and an ever-increasing joy to all Germanic scholars, that this book was in proof when that unhappy day came. For it is surely both appropriate and accurate to say that the *Comparative Germanic Grammar* may be regarded as Professor Prokosch's highest achievement and a permanent memorial of the most satisfactory kind. If we may judge by the works of other masters of comparative grammar like Brugmann, Streitberg, Kluge, and Hirt, this book has many years of fruitful life ahead of it, and the generation of Germanic students which has not yet arisen will derive from it the feeling which Professor Prokosch has imparted to it, the vivid sense of living processes, the awareness of linguistic change as taking place in the mouths and minds of human beings. The older grammars, for all their merits numerous and high, tended to give the student a sense of linguistic algebra, an equating of this sound or form with that. This mechanical feeling is conspicuously absent from Prokosch's book, and the reviewer feels that both teachers and students of Germanic linguistics will derive from a study of its pages a refreshing and stimulating incentive to much really important work.

To consider the book in its entirety would be impossible and perhaps not very appropriate here. Prokosch's treatment of particular things will undoubtedly give rise to new investigations on the part of numerous scholars, and the sum total will be positive gain to our subject for which Prokosch can take ultimate credit. The reviewer wishes to comment briefly on only a few things.

First of all it should be said that the treatment in Part I of Indo-European and Germanic origins and expansions is the most convenient and comprehensive survey of these complicated matters which the reviewer has been able to find in English, and its succinctness, combined with its extensive references and careful statements of opposing views, makes it compare favorably with all similar accounts in other languages. The same remarks apply to the treatment of accent and ablaut in sections 43-47. The reviewer would remark in passing that one of the most stimulating features of Prokosch's work is his clear delineation of what we do *not* know. In this treatment of ablaut he makes plain these phenomena which have not yet yielded to pattern. Frank realization of these things should be most helpful to the younger scholar who thus sees the possibilities for further investigation. A hundred studies could come out of the leads which Prokosch leaves open.

The two most striking features of the book are undoubtedly the treatment of the Germanic consonant shift and the treatment of the verb. The reviewer will merely indicate their nature.

Prokosch seeks to relate the consonant shift to chronology and geography. He describes it as a continuous process, roughly contemporary with the Germanic migrations in the wider sense of the term. The emphatic articulation of stressed words and syllables gave rise in the earliest period to a definite trend or pattern of shift which somehow was causally connected with the social, economic, and emotional background of the Migrations. This trend persisted down into Old High German times. Prokosch makes the 'second' sound shift the continuation of the first. It is his thesis that soon after each tribe settled in its new home the shift ceased for that particular tribe, but continued for

those still unsettled. The whole idea, as Prokosch presents it, is extraordinarily stimulating, and bound to be fruitful to scholarship.

In his treatment of the verb, Prokosch is especially noteworthy in two matters. First he sets up, largely on the basis of Thumb, seven classes of presents. These classes are based on form, and cut across the line separating strong and weak. The classification is most interesting and helpful because by it the Germanic verb is linked up better with the verb in other Indo-European languages. We are often prone to forget that the distinction between strong and weak is useful only when we confine ourselves to Germanic, and that it may get in our way when we go afield.

The other striking feature of Prokosch's treatment of the verb is his discussion of the strong preterit. He argues cogently against the standard view that the strong preterit is an old Indo-European perfect, and accepts rather the position that it combines both perfect and aorist. He then goes on to reclassify the familiar seven classes of strong verbs in terms of bases, monophthongal and diphthongal, light and heavy. Here again he is talking in terms of Indo-European, and it is in this broader view that the value and the stimulation of his work lies.

The reviewer trusts that in the foregoing remarks he has not been speaking solely the language of enthusiasm. Prokosch's *Grammar* is a tremendously important book. It is going to cause many a teacher of Germanic linguistics to revise his notes. At the same time it is not going to put teachers out of business. The beginner must have it, but the beginner must also be taught, because it is not a book for self-education.

It seems ungracious to end on a slightly sour note. There are a small number of superior figures in the text which refer to non-existent notes in the back. Perhaps the publishers could issue a supplementary sheet supplying the notes thus omitted.

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TEXT BOOKS

FRENCH

Vol de nuit. By Antoine de Saint Exupéry. Edited by E. M. Bowman. (New York, Harper's, 1938)

The work of Antoine de Saint Exupéry has become rather well known to Americans since the publication of his novel *Night Flight* in 1931. The motion pictures have also increased its popularity. Mr. Bowman has now made this excellent novel available to beginning French students. The novel is prefaced by André Gide who has a deep appreciation and understanding of the value of the book. In concluding this short analysis, he says: "Ce récit, dont j'admire aussi bien la valeur littéraire, a d'autre part la valeur d'un document, et ces deux qualités, si inespérément unies donnent à *Vol de nuit* son exceptionnelle importance."

It is rather seldom that American students are given the opportunity of reading contemporary fiction, and the reviewer feels sure that teachers will welcome this addition to their list of suitable class readers. The subject matter is highly appropriate since the world has become increasingly aware of the importance of commercial aviation. The plot and characters are very well delineated and will hold the interest of the reader. The introduction includes a summary of the more important aeronautical events up to 1931 which have a bearing upon the story, as well as of the life and literary career of the author.

Because of the highly technical nature of the vocabulary, the reviewer would be inclined to postpone the use of this book to the third and fourth semesters of college French.

The language is simple and the style terse. We feel that the notes have not been handled quite as well as they should. They are confusing and tend to interrupt the reader's train of thought. The explanations of idiomatic phrases are too grammatical and should perhaps be left to the teacher. There is also a tendency to repeat footnotes unnecessarily. Thus we find the expression "à six mille d'altitude" has as footnote "à six mille (mètres) d'altitude (au-dessus du niveau de la mer). Words in parenthesis are understood" (p. 10, n. 7). This phrase occurs three more times and the footnote is duplicated each time.

This short novel will enliven any intermediate class in French and will be a welcome change from some of the childish stories which have been composed for such courses.

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GERMAN

Horst Wolfram Geissler, *Der liebe Augustin.* Edited by George M. Priest. New York, F. S. Crofts & Co., 1938. 174 pp. of text.

In a flawless edition prepared by Professor George M. Priest, of Princeton, F. S. Crofts & Co. introduces to us, through the recent novel *Der liebe Augustin*

(1920), a young author of Munich, Germany: Horst Wolfram Geissler. Having met the writer in this charming work, Americans will not forget him, for to read *Der liebe Augustin* is to love it: it is the work of an artist.

The author characterizes this his own favorite work as being "ein Buch, in dem sich Geschichte und Dichtung vermischen, ein Buch aus kleinen Träumen, die uns die Wirklichkeit durch einen leichten, silbergrauen Schleier sehen lassen." Herr Geissler gives his novel the subtitle: "Die Geschichte eines leichten Lebens." Aptly enough. But the book is not *leicht* in the sense that so much of our recently edited reading material—offered to our classes for their beguilement and entertainment—is light and of little inherent worth. Herr Geissler's novel could be spoken of as light only in the sense of the sunshine and beauty and the lighthearted optimism which radiate from its pages.

Our interest and affection are won for the hero from the moment we find him sucking his big toe in his cradle, through the days of a real boy's boyhood, then through the indomitably light-hearted, optimistic, romantic days of his young manhood, to the hour in which he kisses the princess of his heart good-bye in death. It is splendid characterization that Herr Geissler gives us in his *lieber Augustin*, and a happy, winning—if not entirely practicable—interpretation of life. Even the closing death scene impresses us as do the falling petals of a rose, and the pages of the story linger in mind with the fragrance of *fleurs d'autrefois*.

The grade of difficulty is appropriate to second-year college classes. The edition presents precisely what is needed by way of reading aids, and nothing more: excellently prepared notes and a well-constructed vocabulary. The introduction and the author's *Selbstbibliographie* are models of brevity, yielding due precedence to the story, which has been skilfully reduced to some three fifths of its original length. Professor Priest tells us that the author collaborated with him in the preparation of the text for class-room use in America. It is a clean piece of editing, with nothing to carp at unless it were a misplaced comma or two, found by help of a microscope, in the vocabulary (as under *abgewinnen*, or *anbetreffen*), or possibly the style of a hyphen (compare *an-blicken* with *an-blinzeln*).

It is my belief that *Der liebe Augustin* will establish a place in the affections of its American readers as definitely as it has done in the hearts of its native readers, in the sunny southland of the Germany which it so vividly pictures.

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Erich Funke, *Lustiges Deutsch: Ein Sprech- und Lesebuch mit leichten Texten*. New York (Crofts), 1939. viii, 100 pp.

Any attempt to improve pronunciation among students of German is laudable. In striving to do this with the help of easy exercises in phonetic notation Professor Funke is availing himself of a method perfected by Wilhelm Viëtor as early as 1899 (*Deutsches Lesebuch in Lautschrift, I. Teil*). This was supplemented by a second volume in 1902 and both parts were reprinted and kept up to date until the World War. Unfortunately they are no longer on the market. As a casual comparison will show, Professor Funke's booklet is not in

the same class with those of Viëtor, but he has prepared an easy text for American and English students free of much of the involved phonetic material presented in Viëtor and much of the technical terminology as well. This same concern to avoid difficult areas and to make the book, above all, enticing to beginners is evident also in the choice of material, which is, as the title suggests, for the most part humorous. Since poetry is an excellent medium for teaching pronunciation, and does have other abiding values to commend it, it seems to me that Professor Funke might have broken the monotony of so many humorous and trivial anecdotes, and included, as Viëtor has done, representative selections from the poets. This change of content would have necessitated only the scrapping of the rather dubious catch-title. Unlike Viëtor, Funke does not juxtapose his phonetic transcript to the text, a fact which renders difficult a comparison of the two. Of the 42 selections 28 are in transcript, and all selections contain simple questions as to content. The author and his technical assistant, Dr. Milton Cowan, have made phonographic records in *Hochsprache* of 7 of the selections in transcript and of the vowel and consonant exercises preceding the text. The phonetic notation is remarkably free of mistakes. In a casual reading I noted only the following: *brylt* not *brylt* (p. 72); *daszelbà* not *dasselbà* (p. 73). Viëtor (*Deutsches Aussprachewörterbuch*, 5 ed. by Ernst A. Meyer, Leipzig, 1937) and Siebs (*Deutsche Bühnenaussprache*, 10 ed., Bonn, 1912) both give a short vowel for the final "o" in *Professor*, not a semi-long vowel as does Funke (p. 72). This difference holds also for *Doktor* (p. 75). The position of *Hölle* and *Helle* (p. 8), as illustrative of the short vowels "e" and "o," should be reversed. Teachers and even the more mature students will hardly forgive the author for needless superficiality in certain matters. That, for instance, he should cite only Evans and Röseler, *College German* and allude to no single standard work on German phonetics, and that there should be no reference to Viëtor's readers, nor to the fact that his own phonetic notation is essentially that of the *Association phonétique internationale*, are cases in point. These bibliographical data would be valuable to students who might wish to pursue the subject in greater detail.

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Werner P. Friederich, *Kurze Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*, New York (Crofts), 1939, xi, 184pp., and *Die Schweiz*, Philadelphia (Lippincott), 1938 iv, 90pp.

During the last decade or so, but particularly during the last five years, the study of German history and culture has established itself as a needed adjunct to the work offered in German language and literature in American colleges and high schools.

In the first volume Professor Friederich has given a fine short sketch of the political history of the German people down to and including post-Munich events, with due consideration to the geographical and ethnographical problems bearing upon the destiny of Germany among nations. His discussion of the rise and development of the Third Reich is, in this connection, of great interest, since the vast material explaining this epochal turn in recent European history is ordinarily not available in summary form. In this final chapter, which is preceded by one tracing the march of events from the Treaty of Vienna to the

fall of the Hohenzollern house in 1918, he has set down with fair objectivity, though perforce sketchily, the main phenomena of the Hitler revolution. One does miss in this chapter, however, his characteristic evaluations, and must, on many vital points, content oneself with a rehash of the stock rationalizations of *Machtpolitik*. Throughout the work economic, social, and cultural considerations are introduced only incidentally. This, of course, is a cardinal weakness in every history dealing with only the political vicissitudes of a people, and one to which the author generously owns in the preface. The smaller compass of the work is envisioned as enabling students "to finish this book in one semester." In a supplementary section he prints twenty odd poems dealing with historical personages and incidents from the hands of such well known poets as Luther, Gryphius, Gleim, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Chamisso, Rückert, Platen, Lenau, Kerner, Arndt, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Detlev von Liliencron, Will Vesper, et al., together with annotations and short biographical notes on the authors. Technical features include a dozen maps, German-English vocabulary, table of contents, and index.

His earlier volume, *Die Schweiz*, is on the whole a more satisfying piece of work. Here he combines matters of social and political events in such a way as to explain the whole pattern of Swiss life. Professor Friederich surveys the existing form of government in the light of its historical development from earliest times and lays the groundwork for this central thesis by discussing geography, ethnic and linguistic problems, education, industry, commerce, husbandry, etc. Switzerland's contributions to world culture in the realm of philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts he discusses at length, linking the men, in most cases, with the particular part of the country in which they lived and worked. This is done in a sort of travelogue style, as are also the frequent side excursions into folk ways and the descriptions of popular customs. Besides mentioning numerous miscellaneous items of interest, such as the fame of Swiss mercenary soldiers, the founding of the International Red Cross, the fact that the national anthem can be, and often is, sung simultaneously in four languages, he devotes a word to his country's (Friederich is Swiss born) historic neutrality. American students will welcome many comparisons between Swiss history and government and our national history and government and will be pleasantly reminded of the names of many famous Swiss immigrants who have helped build America. The volume is copiously illustrated, contains a vocabulary, but lacks an index.

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ITALIAN

Goldoni: *La Locandiera*. Edited by Joseph G. Fucilla and Elton Hocking. (Henry Holt and Co., 1939. xxv + 188 + xxxix. pp. \$1.12)

As is known, Goldoni's charming comedy was edited for the American students of Italian as early as 1901 by J. Geddes and F. M. Josselyn. Unfortunately, the editors did not include any exercises, thus limiting the usefulness of their little book. The present edition, instead, is enriched by very abundant questions on the various acts and scenes, and numerous exercises on the rearrangement of scrambled sentences, on matching idioms, conjugation of verbs,

word-study, etc., all carefully graded in difficulty. Particularly interesting are the groups of "word-study" which should prove of great utility to the student in recognizing cognates.

For the first time in an American edition of *La Locandiera*, Mr. Fucilla and Mr. Hocking have included the episode of Ortensia and Deianira, the two actresses who, among other things, make a useless attempt to change the Knight of Ripafratta's idea about the fair sex.

Except for the adoption of present day punctuation and spelling, and the position of stage directions, the original text is reproduced unmodified. With Petrocchi's *Nòvo dizionario universale della lingua italiana* (Milan, Treves, 1931) as authority, word stress and vowel quality are indicated throughout the book. The necessarily numerous notes are conveniently placed at the foot of each page.

The editors have prepared *La Locandiera* for second semester college and second year high school classes, and were aided, in doing this, by the simplicity of the text's vocabulary. If to the simplicity of the vocabulary we couple the sparkling and vivacious dialogue prevailing in this comedy, we may easily see why this reader, with its plentiful exercises, should prove both useful and interesting.

In order that the student may have an idea of the place and importance of Goldoni's work in the history of the Italian theater, he will find in the Introduction an outline of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, of Goldoni's life and reforms, a brief discussion of *La Locandiera*, and a selective bibliography in English on (A) Goldoni and his works, and (B) The *Commedia dell'Arte*.

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Dieci Novelle contemporanee. Con esercizi di grammatica, conversazione a composizione. A cura di Michele Cantarella e di Paul L. Richards. (Henry Holt and Co., 1938. ix + 186 + lx pp \$1.28.)

This reader is meant for the students "who have passed beyond the elementary study of Italian," and a careful perusal will show that *Dieci novelle* may justly be considered one of the best texts available for intermediate classes. Its general plan is very similar to T. G. Bergin's *Modern Italian Short Stories* reviewed in the March issue of the *Forum*. The stories are *Musica senza parole* (Panzini), *Il posto dei vecchi* (Negri), *Barba* (Bontempelli) Dorothy Burns (Borgese), *Un maestro* (Zuccoli), *La roba* (Verga), *La berretta di Padova* (Pirandello), *La mammina* (Capuana), *La gatta pensante* (Papini), *La donna che io non ho veduta* (Saponaro). In addition to a brief introductory discussion of the stories in their relationship to contemporary Italian literature, the editors have included, as preface to each story, an adequate bio-bibliography of the authors.

Pronunciation has been greatly simplified by the adoption of a simple device of accentuation. Noteworthy are the plentiful exercises based on the reading material: each one consists of (I) Grammar Review, (II) Conversation, (III) Translation, and (IV) Suggestions for Composition. The Notes, which occupy

no less than twenty-three pages, could hardly be improved; the same, however, cannot be said of the vocabulary. Since *Dieci novelle* is an intermediate reader, why append to it a complete vocabulary? Why not omit the article, the conjunction *e*, prepositions such as *con, di, per*, etc., and numerous cognates, like *algebra, idea, gas, italiano, mama*, and others? Past participles should have received more attention, for not all those included in the vocabulary are familiar to the second year student. And then, why have only in a few cases, as for example with *scoperto* "scoperto *verb, see scoprire*," and in most instances, as for example with *scorto* "scorto *see scoprire?*"

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